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CURRENT COMMENT.

WE did our utmost, and angels can do no more, to read Senator Harding's speech of acceptance, but our stomach was untrue to its trust by the time we were one-third through. We managed to hold out fairly well until we came to this:

With a Senate advising as the Constitution contemplates, I would hopefully approach the nations of Europe and of the earth, proposing that understanding which makes us a willing participant in the consecration of nations to a new relationship, to commit the moral forces of the world, America included, to peace and international justice, still leaving America free, independent and self-reliant, but offering friendship to all the world.

At this point the ship began to roll fearfully, and after reading a few paragraphs more, we gave up and retired to our stateroom with barely strength enough left to ring for the steward. Then we lay down and longed for death.

THE country has had eight years of a liberal Administration, and "committing the moral forces of the world" to this or that specific rascality is a specialty of liberalism. The liberals could take out a process-patent on it, if they did not have the thing down too fine to need one. The moral forces of the world have been committed and re-committed and re-re-committed in the last eight years, until the market for standard emetics, outside the Mississippi valley, has been utterly ruined. If Senator Harding imagines he can think up any new way to make virtue odious, he is evidently reckoning without proper tab on the achievements of the experts who precede him. How we wish that Senator Penrose would write the Republican campaign-literature. There is no piosity about Boies. He plays politics straight, hard and remorselessly, is avowedly out for everything that is not nailed down and usually gets it. But no one ever heard any flights of summer-complaint oratory about "the moral forces of the world" from Penrose; for which all honour is due his name.

How wonderfully Artemus Ward knew his public. He too was raised in Ohio. In his celebrated letter to an editor, fishing for puffs for his Grate Show, he says:

My show at present consists of three moral Bares, a kangaroo . . . beside sev'ral miscellanyus moral wax statoots of celebrated piruts and murderers, ekalled by few and excelled by none . . . We must fetch the public somehow. We

must work on their feelings. *Cum the moral on 'em strong.* Mr. Harding, like a true son of Ohio, has followed this primary canon of publicity, and it is rather better than even money that Mr. Cox will do likewise. Mr. Don C. Seitz's great public service in publishing his admirable biography of Artemus Ward makes one wish mightily that he would do a companion essay on Ward as a critic of society. There is material for a magnificent critical study of the whole scope of American life, and Mr. Seitz would lay the judicious under an everlasting obligation if he did it, and he'd have no end of fun, besides.

BUT what actually finished us with Mr. Harding's speech, was this:

It would be the blindness of folly to ignore the activities in our own country which are aimed to destroy our economic system, and to commit us to the colossal tragedy which has both destroyed all freedom and made Russia impotent.

This occurs in the civil-rights section of the speech and very appropriately too; since about the only unimpaired fragment of personal liberty left us by the liberal Administration of Mr. Wilson, is liberty to make an ass of oneself. One could always go as far as one liked in that enterprise; indeed, in certain directions one had substantial and eager encouragement from the Administration in so doing. One of those directions was towards the belief that something or other had "made Russia impotent," and we now see that Mr. Harding has gone along splendidly. The *Marion County Palladium*, if that is the name of Mr. Harding's paper—we do not remember precisely, but it will do—probably has an Associated Press franchise, and one can not help wondering what sort of foreign news the *Palladium* was printing during the very days when the Senator was composing his speech of acceptance. Here on the seaboard we heard that Russia had run the whole posse of Allied Powers and their homunculus Poland, so far up Queer Street that there is only a very slim chance that they will ever find their way out again. If that is the Marion County idea of impotence, it is not ours. We think that is pretty fast work for an impotent nation. Mr. Harding ought to send some marked copies of the *Palladium* over to Mr. Lloyd George (10 Downing Street, London, W1) and M. Millerand (Quai D'Orsay, Paris) to help keep up their spirits.

IT is, all told, a very amusing spectacle. Just now, the dispatches say, the British Government has retired into the inner silences to think up a new policy for Ireland; but the Irish are not waiting, and there is a shrewd suspicion spreading in the world at large that the Government has just about thought itself clean out of policies and is at the end of its string. The Government's utterances, like those of the Allied Premiers with respect to Germany and Russia, sounds a good deal like the end of Admiral Montojo's official report of the battle of Manila Bay, as quoted by Mr. Dooley:

'I can not write no more,' he says, 'as me coat-tails ar're afire,' he says, 'an' I am bravely but rapidly leapin' fr'm wan vessel to another, followed by me valyant crew with a fire-injine,' he says. 'If I can save me coat-tails,' he says, 'they'll be no kick comin,' he says. 'Long live Spain, long live me-silf.'

MEANWHILE Lenin addresses the congress of the Third Internationale at Moscow, and talks good sense. Lenin may be bad medicine; and we have always held it a great

waste of time to discuss whether he is or not. The thing worth heeding is that he is the best-informed man in Europe, that every forecast of his has so far come out correct to the letter, and that he never indulges in the hifalutin' talk and buncombe of the regular statesman—he does not have to do so. He gave an accurate analysis of the international situation, showing that the League of Nations had failed to reconcile the divergent interests of the several imperialistic governments, that war-debts could not be settled without ruining several countries, and that unless these debts were provided for by the only way open—repudiation—there could be no re-establishment of international credit. This is precisely the way the land lies, and it is refreshing to hear some one, even Lenin, come out flat-footed and say so. Everyone who has the faintest inkling of the situation knows he is right, and knows, further, that the allied statesmen of Europe and the United States are simply milling around in a fantastic and disingenuous effort to escape an inescapable truth. Lenin also called attention to the fact that this conduct on their part is playing into the hand of the revolutionary spirit as handsomely as anyone could ask. Everyone knows he is right about that too, but nobody has the gumption to say so, least of all our newspapers and our precious politicians.

WE are indebted to an editorial writer in the excellent *Sun and Herald* of New York, of all papers, for one of the clearest summaries of what the Allies have been asking of the Germans in the matter of coal. Says the *Sun*: "Without Silesia, the Saar Valley and Alsace-Lorraine Germany's pre-war coal output was 90,700,000 tons a year. Total consumption was 139,000,000 tons. Germany was able to produce an annual surplus of funds from industry amounting to about \$5,000,000,000. This surplus was of course contingent on full coal supply and capacity operation of factories. German mines are now working at about 80 per cent of pre-war efficiency, which would give an output of 72,600,000 tons of coal in present German territory. Reducing this by the 24,000,000 tons demanded for the Allies would leave 48,600,000 tons, or 35 per cent of pre-war consumption by German industry. If German industry were now reduced to anything like 35 per cent of pre-war earning capacity by reducing the coal supply none of the pre-war surplus of \$5,000,000,000 would be available for the settlement of the indemnity."

Which is very awkward and unfortunate and in short, as Mr. Micawber would say, simply will not bear thinking about. The Governments most concerned seem to be fully alive to this fact and have decided to give up thinking in consequence. *Hinc illae lachrymae.*

THE London *Nation* complains of America's aloofness from Europe. We did not act as "an earthly Providence, binding up her wounds, forgiving her debts, advancing her the supplies of food and materials needed to save her from starvation and restore her industries." Also there is no reasonable hope "that Mr. Harding will urge his countrymen to carry out the international policy which his predecessor initiated." We are suffering a reaction from the situation of war-time and want to think the war is over "and that good Americans may soak themselves in their own affairs, and let the outside world go hang." What we should do, apparently, since "neither charitable funds nor private mercantile efforts can do anything adequate" is to make recourse to a "large international loan, under the joint and several guarantees of Governments"—"a mobilization of the available surplus credit of the entire business world, built upon the contributions of investors in every solvent country."

THE London *Nation* is a liberal paper and a very able one. Liberalism has an inveterate and unshakable faith in political government and is utterly destitute of humour. By a curious coincidence, the *Nation's* editorial immediately following the one lamenting our shortcomings, is called "The Price of Mr. Churchill." It recounts Mr. Winston Churchill's "prolonged and indefatigable intrigue with Russian Tsarism;" it blisters Mr. Winston Churchill and of course, by implication, the Government

of which he is a member, and *in limine*, an agent. As a text for the editorial, it takes Lord Welby's well-known saying, "We are in the hands of an organization of crooks," and also the following, from Lord Hugh Cecil's devastating speech on the international agreement respecting the island of Nauru:

The Government has earned, rightly or wrongly, the most lamentable reputation for want of sincerity. I have known a great many Governments, but never one with as bad a reputation for speaking the truth and acting sincerely as this present Government.

EVIDENTLY, therefore, the *Nation* knows the character of its own Government. Probably it also knows the character of the French, Italian and Belgian Governments; it has seen them at close range. It also knows the character of our own Government, not as well as we know it, probably, but that is the measure of the *Nation's* good luck over ours. Europe is in its present condition only for the reason that those same Governments stole and squandered, for purposes of their own, the economic accumulation built up by European labour; and, not content with that, laid a tremendous mortgage on the product of labour in the future. Our Government did precisely the same thing. What then is the point of advising anyone to invest in a loan under the "joint and several guarantees of Governments"—simply to give those Governments a new lease of life in order that they may continue their misdemeanours, and when a new economic accumulation is made, do the same thing again. The suggestion strikes one as most unhumorous.

LET us put the thing in the plainest terms. If Pougatchev, Razin, Dick Turpin, Claude Duval, Captain Kidd and Jesse James gave their "joint and several guarantees" for a loan to be devoted, say, to reparational and reconstructive work, we doubt that the *Nation* would invest sixpence, because it would suspect from all previous knowledge of these brethren that they would convert the money to their own purposes, at the first possible moment. This is just what the Governments of Britain and Europe would do, and just what our own would do. If the peoples of Europe and of England made somewhat more energetic motions towards getting out from under the international professional-criminal class that now controls and exploits them, there would be a good deal more force in the *Nation's* strictures upon the American investor.

It seems impossible, however, to get the true liberal to make an examination of political government, the phenomenon of the State, from the socio-historical point of view. His chosen mode of progress is by turning some Mr. Churchill or Mr. Wilson out and putting some other Mr. Churchill or Mr. Wilson in, with perhaps some variant of the standard political programme, which he somehow accustoms himself to thinking means something. That there is something wrong and inimical to the public good in the nature of the State itself, by whomsoever administered, is quite beyond him; and yet the history of the political State makes the fact clear beyond peradventure. The liberal, however, is for taking the stench out of politics, not by decent burial, which is the radical's way, or even by disinfection, but by overlaying it with perfume, quite as in the bad old days one chewed cloves to disguise one's breath. This is mere vanity, for there is nothing more flagrantly self-revealing than a flavoured stink.

WELL, talk as one will about office-holders, and politicians—and *Kent's* opinion of *Oswald* in "King Lear" is the only thing we have found in literature that gives even an approximation to what we think of them—still, what a life is theirs! Think of it: never to have a mind of one's own, or say what one thinks, or trust anybody or be trusted, or tell the truth about anything or take any interest in knowing the natural truth of things; always compromising, veering and tacking from crookery to crookery all the good, glad days of the life that is given to us to

enjoy—and then, for a little time, so very little, to be called Mr. President or Mr. Secretary, perhaps, and then to die and go to hell, and six months afterwards, how many care or have cause to care, whether one ever lived or not? It is a softening reflection to think upon, when one is tempted to take too intensely personal a view of public affairs.

WHAT an uncommonly handy thing that League of Nations would now be, if it could only have gone through on the original specifications. To have drafted our resources of men and money to reinforce the Poles in their brigandry and carry on the good fight of privilege against the bolshevik menace, would be the finest thing in the world. After the election is over, or rather, after 4 March next, there is a bare chance that the Allied Powers can yet get us in on some basis or other; but that is a long time hence, and the pesky and indecent bolshevik menace, like Ireland and a whole long docket of kindred nuisances, is importunate and won't wait. The Allied Premiers got into bad habits at Versailles. They took their time, and the world waited, first on one foot, then on the other. They go into session now, but things do not wait; and under the pressure of events, people almost forget that they are in session—sometimes casually hooting under their windows, and once in a while throwing mud and bricks into their cloistered seclusion, but mostly not interested in them, having other and more stirring attractions elsewhere.

THERE are searchings of heart in Boston. The Central Labour Union invited Governor Coolidge to review the Labour Day parade. But the 900 policemen who went on strike are to be in line; and the members of the Telephone Operator's Union have given notice that they won't parade if His Excellency is in the stand. The dispatch says that a way will be found out of the difficulty, probably by saying that the Governor has an important engagement elsewhere. He has plenty of time between now and Labour Day to make one, certainly. We should be delighted to have him down to go swimming with us, if he needs an alibi as the time approaches.

THE city of Chicago is paying its employees with promissory notes. Henry Ford bought a railway the other day, so that the city of Detroit could get a reasonably dependable supply of coal next winter. Not long ago, too, we heard of a large industrial concern near New York which gave the poorly-paid teachers of the local schools a bonus—\$100 each, as we remember, though we are not sure of the amount. Dependence on private enterprise is all well enough, but this strikes us as overdoing the thing. Nobody seems to notice it, however, or to regard it as a circumstantial criticism of that much-belauded category known as "American institutions," so perhaps it should be passed over without further comment, especially since the Sedition Act is still in force and Mr. Palmer still in office.

THE movement towards the creation of a labour-surplus, suggested in our last issue, seems to be progressing. Most of the mills of the American Woolen Company have closed; inability to get orders being the reason publicly assigned. The Pennsylvania Railway laid off several thousand workmen from the eastern system, and had the good business instinct to lay them off about twenty-four hours ahead of the promulgation of the new wage-award. It is highly probable that a good many employers would face the prospect of extensive strikes just now with unusual equanimity; and the scarcity and high price of coal may be an acceptable dispensation of Providence for the closing down of many industries. Meanwhile the cost of food in New York City has gone up seventeen per cent in the fiscal year which ended 30 June, and 114 per cent since 1913.

BALTIMORE, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Milwaukee and Omaha and several other cities show a greater increase than is shown by New York—Detroit shows 139 per cent increase. Lenin carefully exhibited to the Third Internationale this general rise in prices in America, and its disproportion to the rise in wages; and he drew some highly interesting inferences therefrom. But the phenomenon does not seem to interest our political leaders here, nor does one hear of any inferences being drawn, say, by Senator Harding or Governor Cox.

CERTAINLY all the luck seems to be with the Honourable Mr. A. J. Volstead. One bright day the nation learns to its astonishment that our national hero has been rejected by the voters of the seventh Minnesota District, and that the Reverend O. U. Kvale has been elected in his stead. A few days later it appears that the Rev. O. U. Kvale, has been found guilty of high crimes and misdemeanours under the Corrupt Practices Act, for having circulated a report that Mr. Volstead did not believe in the Bible and had said some disrespectful things about the miracle of the loaves and fishes. So far as this paper is concerned we are glad to know that the Rev. O. U. Kvale was wrong about Mr. Volstead. Judging by the way things are looking all over the world it's going to be a pretty gloomy winter for those people who do not believe that the multitude can be fed by some sort of miraculous multiplication of fifteen-cent bread and forty-two-cent fish. It will be either a miracle or short rations for most of us.

It is reported that in South Dakota opponents of the Non-partisan League have lately taken to attending League meetings and silencing the speakers by throwing eggs at them. Now this is a form of extravagance which we earnestly hope will not be widely copied during the presidential campaign, the price of eggs being what it is. Fortunately, even General Wood's backers, who have presumably swung in behind the Senator, could hardly afford to pay for such a form of conspicuous waste. Out there in the Dakotas where the League is on the job, they have something real to get excited about, and everyone knows that when the other side is getting the best of the argument there's nothing like a good (or even a bad) egg well aimed, to express one's feelings. But we hope all good Democrats and Republicans will see that there is absolutely no reason why they should get all messed up with eggs on any of the points at issue between them—the League of Nations, for example.

INACCURACY is distressing in small things as well as great, and we are very sorry for the interpolated "not" in our line last week referring to notice served by the Soviet Bureau "upon the firm of Montreal brokers with which they had not been dealing." We do our best; and the natural human impulse to tell one's troubles prompts the wish that we could publish about seven pages of heart-throbs about the mechanical difficulties of getting out even a fairly decipherable piece of press-work in these days of industrial uncertainty and hopefulness. Our friends—mindful, perhaps, that they have troubles of their own—have been more than kind in not upbraiding us for several bad mistakes in typography, and we appreciate their forbearance.

The editors can not be responsible for manuscripts submitted, but if return postage be enclosed, they will do all in their power to see that rejected manuscripts are returned promptly.

It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either as to substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE END OF THE CHAPTER.

THE Russo-Polish affair has at last turned out precisely according to promise. The great international professional-criminal class planned, organized and backed a peculiarly disreputable and scoundrelly raid—yes, peculiarly so, even for them—by Poland against Russia. They saw it as far as they could, and followed it with the insane hopefulness of desperate fear; but they could not see it through, and Poland was roundly thrashed. The professional-criminal association, acting through its British branch, then proposed an armistice to Russia. Russia replied, declining to treat with the British branch, and saying that it would deal with Poland direct, if Poland had anything to say. The association then instructed Poland to ask for an armistice, Poland did so, and at last accounts, Russia acceded to the request.

There was then an immediate flurry in the news, suggesting another great war; but it is extremely doubtful whether any such thing takes place. The Allied Powers threatened Russia with a show of force in case Russia trespassed over the Polish border. But the threat was empty, because, first, the Allied Powers have no available force to show—and no one knows it better than Lenin—and, second, because Russia has no conceivable interest in trespassing past the Polish border. Some day it will get through the world's head that Russia is not interested in any imperialist designs, but in the working-out of an idea. The professional-criminal class is aware of this now, acutely aware of it, and this knowledge accounts for their behaviour. They could afford to let Russia have nearly anything else, but can not afford to permit, if they can possibly help it, the vindication of that idea. They have employed against it the only two forces that they know how to use—violence and propaganda—and they have made a great fizzle of it, and left themselves hopelessly damaged in what vestiges of prestige remained to them before they entrained upon this hand-over-head escapade.

All told, it looks as though the professional-criminal association were in a somewhat sickly way. It is possible that they might brace up a bit by some sort of arrangement with Germany. There have been obscure hints of this in the dispatches. In one case, at least, there was a public accusation in France concerning a deal with Stinnes, the German industrial magnate; and the German newspapers have had an uncommon lot to say of late about the menace of bolshevism—and Stinnes owns a great many newspapers. But whether there is anything in this or not, the failure of Poland has for the time being, put Germany in a pretty independent position as regards the provisions of the treaty, even as revised at Spa; especially as regards disarmament, coal-deliveries and indemnity. The proven vulnerability of Poland, the exhausted state of the Allied Powers in point of money and man-power, and the rapidity where-with Russia is getting on its feet, all combine to make no joke of the bolshevik menace when employed by Germany as a plea, a threat or an excuse. It has long been known that the Soviet forces do a deal more disintegrating mischief in the rear of an opposing army than they do against its front; and there is hardly a nation or combination of nations in Europe that is in shape to go against them without the certain prospect of a deal more trouble at home than its armies would find abroad. We can

judge by ourselves. We are the most naïve and uninformed nation in the world, probably, as far as such matters go, and the most hopelessly propagandized; and yet for some time to come it would take a great deal of getting to get our fighting blood up to the point of another European war over the bolshevik menace. And if we feel as we do, we may be quite sure that the peoples of Europe who have really cut their eye-teeth on the machinations of the professional-criminal class, feel the same way, and much more keenly.

Hence another war growing out of the Polish escapade appears improbable. It is much more likely that the professional-criminal association will swallow their chagrin and try to find some other way to escape retribution, and not succeed. *Prius dementat*, it seems, for nothing short of midsummer madness could account for anything that the Allied Powers have done, from the armistice down to the fiasco whose damaging explosion we are now recording. Meanwhile it is quite possible that Russia may peacefully conquer Poland and then Germany by a judicious use of other weapons than the only ones that the international professional-criminal class can employ. The Polish people have no great reason to love the Allied Powers, since they started them off in this absurd predatory crusade and then perforce left them in the lurch. Nor have the German people cause to remember the Allied Powers with grateful interest. Hence it would not be in the least surprising if the influence of the Soviet Government made itself felt effectively in both countries rather soon. The Paderewski-Pilsudski combination in Poland and the Noske-Scheidemann regime in Germany have not been a brilliant success from the popular point of view; and now that Russia seems to hold the whip hand, and at the same time presents certain ideas and working theories which can hardly be more damaging than those which Europe has so long and so staunchly followed, it is quite likely that Russia may henceforth count on a considerably enlarged and respected position in both Poland and Germany. The make-up of the new Polish Government certainly represents remarkable concessions to the Russian idea, and concessions like that are never made except under the stress of dire necessity. Poland, in the mind of President Wilson, was to be a buffer-State; it was erected as a link in M. Clemenceau's *cordon sanitaire*. Think of it!—it seems impossible that those antiquated terms could have been used by any man of our generation. They sound as though picked out of the glossary of the Middle Ages. The buffer-State and the *cordon sanitaire* are not worth two straws against an idea.

THE COSMIC COMPLEX.

If an obscure individual—or a famous one either, for that matter—were to arm himself, mount a mettlesome horse, surround himself with a body of fierce retainers also armed, march on Washington, seize the White House, and declare himself President of these United States, what a row there would be! The country would rise magnificently as one man at the crime against democracy, and the usurper's tenure of his post would be short indeed. Nobody could get away with such an exploit, not even the late Colonel Roosevelt. Certainly Senator Harding could not.

Anyway, Senator Harding does not want to. No one who eats waffles for breakfast would want to. Also he does not need to. Peaceful methods are best. Only consider! Next November many millions of

citizens will go to the polls and vote quite amiably for Senator Harding, though they don't at all want him for President—not a bit more than they would have wanted the hypothetical adventurer described above. Indeed, many of them know quite definitely whom they do want, and it is not the same man at all. Nevertheless, they will go home with a sense of having exercised an inalienable right, and a few months later Senator Harding, wreathed in smiles and acclaimed by all, will enter the White House—the people's choice.

But now here is the point, which is not at all the defectiveness of our system of primaries or the dominance of party machines. Do we feel any resentment at what has been done to us? We do not. We feel relief and a beginning of peace. We are even grateful to the Republican Party for having nominated Senator Harding, equally grateful to the Democratic Party for having nominated Governor Cox. Now let November come. We shall not heed it. There is one cosmic problem the less.

For this is the truth—that most men—and women too for that matter—are sick to death of cosmic problems. We are sick of nations and national traits, of racial quarrels, and of world-wide "tendencies." We were long ago sick of military strategy, and we all sympathize with the women in bookshops who ignominiously but honestly say they want a novel that has nothing to do with the war. We are sick of trying to reconcile capital and labour. We never want to hear of either of them again. We are sick of large phrases, abstract words, generalizations. The words we take pleasure in are words like "book" and "tree" and "drink." For six years now we have devoted our minds to war and peace and economics and social unrest and the League of Nations, and we have had enough.

Though tired, we are not really hardened. We should feel cordial interest in meeting an Irishman or a Pole or an Egyptian or perhaps even a Croat, but we do not want to talk about Ireland or Poland or Egypt or Jugoslavia. We are interested in this woman and that—perchance in many women—but we do not want to hear about sex.

The truth is that until six years ago we had, each of us, a task that we loved and knew something about. An architect was an architect in those days, a doctor a doctor, with a hobby or two outside and a decently dispassionate interest in the general state of the world. To-day he is an opponent of bolshevism first and an architect afterward, an Americanization enthusiast first and a doctor second. We were all happier in that narrow state before the era of cosmic problems arrived, and also much more was really accomplished then than now when we swim in a sea of general ideas. And surely we were kinder. When we dealt with a man we knew him, in our petty way, for a creature like ourselves, and were reasonably humane; when we go in for Americanization, which is a word, there is no telling what hard things we may do.

No, a lot of us, a tremendous lot, are tired of cosmic problems. We should be formidable if we were organized; but we can not organize—we are all too melancholy. Besides, we hate organizations. So, individually, each man by himself, we are going back to our *campanilismo*—if we can.

There is the difficulty, the saddening difficulty. Perhaps you write novels, I perhaps paint pictures or play the violin. Can you or I or our novels and pictures and music be quite the same again—for how can we honestly look at men and women now and not see what this wallowing in cosmic problems has done to us all?

THE RETURN OF ANATOLE FRANCE.

MR. LEWIS S. GANNETT failed to grasp the spirit of our comments on the mind of Anatole France if he found them harsh. It was our respect for his human sympathies as well as delight in his consummate literary skill that prompted us to give a wider currency to the glowing words of the great Frenchman. But, in justice to the Rollands, the Russells, and the Nicolais, we could not pass over in silence the obscurity that he suffered during the war in company with so many other leaders of thought in Europe and America. We could not forget that he was praised for renouncing "not only the errors of the recent past, but the cherished doctrines and opinions of a lifetime"; an exaggeration no doubt, but not without basis in the bitter phrases of "Sur la Voie Glorieuse." For the time being at least, Anatole France lost his influence as an internationalist, and caused his democratic admirers a disillusionment which it will be difficult to repair.

We are all the more pleased to hear once more the voice of gentleness and reason. His latest utterances recall the speeches of fifteen or twenty years ago, with their prevision of the approaching catastrophe then in preparation by the blind forces of nationalism and imperialism and the conflicting elements of economic exploitation. "Republicans and Socialists," he cried, "we are with the victims against the oppressors. Proletarians, we stand with the proletarians of the whole world against every tyranny." Sceptical as he was by nature, he looked beyond the ruin which he foresaw as a result of the rule of the soldier, the financier and the priest, to a better time. In the meantime he was content to stand with the vanquished, believing that "the vanquished of to-day will be the victors of to-morrow."

The latest expression from Anatole France rings true to his nobler self, though it fails to penetrate to the basic economic facts which underlie governmental folly and keep the populations of the world apart. Once more addressing his fellow citizens, he says:

If, exhausted by a long war, equally calamitous to the victors and the vanquished, Europe plunges into the imperialistic enterprises arranged by her reckless rulers, if she allows herself to be led into adventures by military pride and colonial cupidity, if France adopts an ignorant and brutal nationalism, Europe is done for as well as our own country where a little justice and wisdom would still make it possible to live happily.

Citizens, if the present order, or the present disorder, is continued longer we shall all perish in a frightful ruin. There is at this moment but one hope of life for the exhausted peoples of this unhappy Europe—union, union in peace and work.

Let the proletariat of all nations turn to one another, embrace, and unite until they form a single universal proletariat; there alone is safety! Proletarians of all countries, join to bring the reign of peace and abundance for all the world!

World peace and unity can not be brought about by a simple effort of the will. Revolutions, with all their tragic sacrifices, have failed to increase the sum total of human happiness except when accompanied by a greater freedom of access to natural resources and better facilities for trade. The proletarians of the world are not aware that their sufferings are the natural result of a system of legal privilege which can be demolished by a stroke of the pen. Their minds are directed to still more complicated legal devices by which they hope to destroy capitalism, the wage-system, private profits, competition, and other similar phantoms. Their long enslavement has made them doubt their ability to stand alone, without some sort of legal protection and support. Anatole France has proclaimed the necessary interdependence of man-

kind; but it is hard to see how the greatest possible co-operation can be realized without the removal of economic barriers and the restoration of unfettered competition, measures which figure so inconspicuously in the socialistic programme of regulation and control.

THROUGH ART TO INDIVIDUALISM.

GENERALIZATIONS concerning nations are especially dangerous, for there are always specific individuals to give them vivid and personal contradiction. Yet they have certain value as guiding-posts, and when just, they usually suggest tolerance for what is unlike ourselves, a tolerance of which we all to-day stand particularly in need. Furthermore, such generalizations nowhere apply with more force than in a discussion of the æsthetic differentiations among nations. Given a definite set of circumstances, the economic reaction of most modern States is easily predictable, and irrespective of language or colour, certain social consequences flow almost irresistibly from certain social causes. But the æsthetic reaction of a nation is usually peculiar to itself; indeed it is precisely in those deeper likes and dislikes which are properly the subject matter of æsthetics, that nations discover those more fundamental differences among themselves which lead sometimes to cordial admiration and sometimes to war. The old proverb about *de gustibus* ought to be revised, for it represents a wish rather than a fact; economic and other quarrels can always be composed in the end, but differences in taste are final.

Surveying the Western nations—Russia and the East, for the moment, aside—from the viewpoint of their æsthetic interests, one broad fact seems to stand out. That broad fact, and it is a particularly relevant one at a time when Anglo-Saxon civilization more and more dominates the West, is that the degree of respect for the individual in any nation can invariably be measured by the range and intensity of the æsthetic interests of that nation. A high development of individualism seems to be an inevitable correlative of any high development of the artistic and creative impulse. Find a nation afflicted with uniformity and standardization, and you will find a nation in which the æsthetic interests are flickering and weak. Friends of freedom, *libertaires* as the French term them, are barking up the wrong tree when they imagine that the task before them is to remove restrictive legislation; for hampering blue laws are a result rather than a cause. They will find their one trustworthy ally in the artist; and their one sure protection from the encroachments of external authority is in the fostering of the æsthetic impulses of the nation.

Consider France, for an example. The French have many faults, but lack of respect for the individual, his mind and his personality, is not one of them. Nowhere in the Western world can the individual think and act in a freer or more liberating atmosphere. To be "different" is not to be excommunicated; it is in fact to be respected for, and judged by, the essential quality of that difference. This cordiality towards individualism extends even to colour, where its connexion with the æsthetic interest is clear. Like all Latin countries, France has little native colour prejudice, but the French people's interest in and liking for the Negro goes much deeper. They are delighted with him as an æsthetic spectacle—in Loti Gautier, Pierre Louys and innumerable other French authors, are glowing descriptions of different types such as the bronze and the ebony. The same fine French quality of disinterestedness, which always finds its

best exemplification in the genuine artist, is carried over to intellectual things. One is not thought eccentric in France if one has a mental individuality of one's own; to have one's peculiar way of looking at, feeling, and appraising things is considered as much one's personal prerogative as the right to choose one's particular style of hats. And with this fundamental respect for individuality goes a deep and abiding interest in form and beauty. It is no accident that the country in which human personality can function most freely, remains, for all its political vagaries and economic unsoundness, the country that still sets the standard of civilized taste.

If we look a little further into the causes of this, we shall be struck by the historical fact that in an era of regimentation, uniformity and centralization, France has proved extraordinarily resistful. To-day, if you meet a countryman on the streets of Paris and ask him what part of France he comes from, he will never say from such-and-such Department, but always from such-and-such Province—Champagne, Brittany, Languedoc, Lombardy, Alsace. In other words he refuses to regard himself as a creature of an artificial political division; he insists upon the human dignity of remaining a person from an ancient province which has its own dialect, its own traditions, and its own way of looking at life. This dogged resistance to all the modern forces making for centralization and standardization has contributed mightily, not alone to French literature and art, but to the Frenchman's deep respect for personality. Present-day observers are agreed that although Paris is a national capital as is perhaps no other city, there is a sharp movement away from the dominance of Paris, both political and cultural. Deep in the heart of every Frenchman is an incurable contempt for federal authority, and in the France of to-day, more than in any other "unified" Western country, the drive towards decentralization is strong and realistic. Intuitively the Frenchman realizes that there can be no decent art or decent personal life in a country that is much standardized or much regimentated. Within even so small a country as his own, he sees that there must be wide cultural variations and definite social and traditional differences. At all costs it must avoid a barren uniformity.

Now the application of all this to Anglo-Saxon countries, and to ourselves above all others, is very direct, for these observations about France are largely true of other Latin countries, Italy especially, and in the case of Germany, in spite of the fact that she is in so many respects exactly like us, the aftermath of war propaganda still twists our judgment. Certainly Americans might gain a few wholesome lessons from the humble surveyal of these facts. In almost every one of the ways above mentioned we are exactly at the antipodes to France. To-day in America the forces of standardization and centralization are in full cry; Federal authority regulates the minutiae of our lives, and our popular national magazines have developed to a high point the technique of finding the lowest common denominator of taste. We are terrified at individuality and difference; we think in terms of majorities. It extends even to the amenities; the fox-trot which is popular in New York this week will be all the rage in Chicago, New Orleans, and San Francisco the next. Our art and music, our styles of furniture and handicraft, our books, our theatre, our hotels, our moving-pictures *par excellence*, are all standardized and moulded to a shape recognizable by all equally. It is no accident that our more sensi-

tive writers are always complaining that the country as a whole is far too big for one canvas, yet they must write for that country as a whole, if they want to be heard at all. Respect for individual human personality has with us reached about its lowest point; and it is delightfully ironical that no nation is so constantly talking about personality as are we. We actually have schools for "self-expression," and "self-development," although we seem usually to mean the expression and development of the personality of a successful real-estate agent. Yet if our civilization is ever really to justify itself, we must somehow recapture that deeper respect for the individual.

But the way to that recapture, as our survey has shown us, is not through mere futile rebellion by the younger generation, even though that rebellion, futile as it is, will help. It is rather through a complete transvaluation of values; and it may actually be that we are not capable of making that transvaluation. The emphasis must be placed again, as it always is in periods of genuine humanism, upon decentralization and wide and deep variations; upon the individual himself rather than upon the external checks and balances of authority. In that task of shifting the emphasis of our interest we must look to the artist for our greatest help. It is through art, and art alone, that we can regain any individualism worthy of the name. We can be startled out of our eternal preoccupation with commercialism and moralism—of which advantage is so shrewdly taken that we are bound hand and foot as soon as our back is turned—only by the vivid and direct reminder of real values by the creative artist.

REMINISCENCES OF TOLSTOY: III.

These fragmentary notes were written by me during the period when I lived in Oleise and Leo Nikolaievitch (Tolstoy) at Gaspra in the Crimea. They cover the period of Tolstoy's serious illness and of his subsequent recovery. The notes were carelessly jotted down on scraps of paper, and I thought I had lost them, but recently I have found some of them.—MAXIM GORKY.

"WHAT is the most terrible dream you have ever had?" Tolstoy asked me.

I rarely have dreams and remember them badly, but two have remained in my memory and probably will for the rest of my life. I dreamed once that I saw the sky—scrofulous, putrescent, greenish-yellow, and the stars in it were round, flat, without rays, without lustre, like scabs on the skin of a diseased person. And there glided across this putrescent sky, slowly, reddish forked-lightning, rather like a snake, and when it touched a star, the star swelled up into a ball and burst noiselessly, leaving behind it a darkish spot, like a little smoke; and then the spot vanished quickly in the bleared and liquid sky. Thus all the stars one after another burst and perished and the sky, growing darker and more horrible, at last whirled upwards, bubbled, and, bursting into fragments, began to fall on my head in a kind of cold jelly, and in the spaces between the fragments there appeared a shiny blackness as though of iron.

Leo Nikolaievitch said: "Now that comes from a learned book; you must have read something on astronomy; hence the nightmare. And the other dream?"

THE other dream; a snowy plain, smooth like a sheet of paper; no hillock, no tree, no bush anywhere, only—barely visible—a few rods poked out from under the snow. And across the snow of this dead desert, from horizon to horizon, there stretched a yellow strip of a hardly distinguishable road, and over the road there marched slowly a pair of grey felt top-boots—empty.

He raised his shaggy, werewolf eyebrows, looked at me intently and thought for a while. "That's terrible.

. . . Did you really dream that; you didn't invent it? But there's something bookish in it also."

And suddenly he got angry, and said, irritably, sternly, rapping his knee with his finger: "But you're not a drinking man? It's unlikely that you ever drank much. And yet there's something drunken in these dreams. There was a German writer, Hoffmann, who dreamt that card tables ran about the street and all that sort of thing, but then he was a drunkard—a 'calaholic,' as our literate coachmen say. Empty boots marching—that's really terrible. Even if you did invent it, it's good. Terrible!"

Suddenly he gave a broad smile, so that even his cheek bones beamed: "And imagine this: suddenly, in the Tverskaya street, there runs a card table with its curved legs, its boards clap-clap, raising a chalky dust, and you can even still see the numbers on the green cloth—excise clerks playing whist on it for three days and nights on end—the table could not bear it any longer and ran away."

He laughed and then, probably noticing that I was a little hurt by his distrust of me: "Are you hurt because I thought your dreams bookish? Don't be annoyed; sometimes, I know, one invents something without being aware of it, something which one can not believe, which can't possibly be believed, and then one imagines that one dreamt it and did not invent it at all."

He patted me on the shoulder. "But you are neither a drunkard nor dissolute—how do you come to have such dreams?"

"I don't know."

"We know nothing about ourselves."

He sighed, screwed up his eyes, thought for a bit, and then added in a low voice: "We know nothing."

This evening, during our walk, he took my arm and said: "The boots are marching—terrible, eh? Quite empty—trip, trip—and the snow scrunching. Yes, it's good; but you are very bookish, very. Don't be cross, but it's bad and will stand in your way."

I am scarcely more bookish than he, and at the time I thought him a cruel rationalist despite all his pleasant little phrases.

"I do not like people when they are drunk, but I know some who become interesting when they are tipsy, who acquire what is not natural to them in their sober state; wit, beauty of thought, alertness, and richness of language. In such cases I am ready to bless wine."

Suler tells how he was once walking with Leo Nikolaievitch in Tverskaya Street when Tolstoy noticed in the distance two soldiers of the Guards. The metal of their accoutrements shone in the sun; their spurs jingled; they kept step like one man; their faces, too, shone with the self-assurance of strength and youth. Tolstoy began to grumble at them: "What pompous stupidity! Like animals trained by the whip. . . ."

But when the guardsmen came abreast with him, he stopped, followed them caressingly with his eyes, and said enthusiastically: "How handsome! Old Romans, eh, Liovushka? Their strength and beauty! O Lord! How charming it is when man is handsome, how very charming!"

"DICKENS said a very clever thing: 'Life is given to us on the definite understanding that we boldly defend it to the last.' On the whole, he was a sentimental, loquacious, and not very clever writer, but he knew how to construct a novel as no one else could, certainly better than Balzac. Some one has said: 'Many are possessed by the passion for writing books, but few are ashamed of them afterwards.' Balzac was not ashamed, nor was Dickens, and both of them wrote quite a number of bad books. Still, Balzac is a genius. Or at any rate, the thing which you can only call genius. . . ."

SOMETIMES he seems to be conceited and intolerant like a Volga preacher, and this is terrible in a man who is the sounding bell of this world. Yesterday he said to

me: "I am more of a mouzhik than you and I feel better in a mouzhik way."

God, he ought not to boast of it, he must not!

I READ him some scenes from my play, "The Lower Depths"; he listened attentively and then asked:

"Why do you write that?"

I explained as best I could.

"One always notices that you jump like a cock onto everything. And more—you always want to paint all the grooves and cracks over with your own paint. You remember that Andersen says: 'The gilt will come off and the pigskin will remain,' just as our peasants say: 'Everything will pass away, the truth alone will remain.' You'd much better not put the plaster on, for you yourself will suffer for it later. Again, your language is very skilful, with all kinds of tricks—that's no good. You ought to write more simply; people speak simply, even incoherently, and that's good. A peasant doesn't ask: 'Why is a third more than a fourth, if four is always more than three,' as one learned young lady asked. No tricks, please."

He spoke irritably; clearly he disliked very much what I had read to him. And after a silence, looking over my head, he said gloomily: "Your old man is not sympathetic, one does not believe in his goodness. The actor is all right, he's good. You know 'Fruits of Enlightenment'? My cook there is rather like your actor. Writing plays is difficult. But your prostitute also came off well, they must be like that. Have you known many of them?"

"I used to."

"Yes, one can see that. Truth always shows itself. Most of what you say comes out of yourself, and therefore you have no characters, and all your people have the same face. I should think you don't understand women; they don't come off with you. One does not remember them. . . ."

At this moment A. L.'s wife came in and called us to come to tea, and he got up and went out very quickly as if he were glad to end the conversation.

I READ my story "The Bull" to him. He laughed much, and praised my knowledge of "the tricks of the language."

"But your treatment of words is not skilful; all your peasants speak cleverly. In actual life what they say is silly and incoherent, and at first you can not make out what a peasant wants to say. That is done deliberately; under the silliness of their words is always concealed a desire to allow the other person to show what is in his mind. A good peasant will never show at once what is in his own mind: it is not profitable. He knows that people approach a stupid man frankly and directly, and that's the very thing he wants. You stand revealed before him, and he at once sees all your weak points. He is suspicious; he is afraid to tell his inmost thoughts even to his wife. But with your peasants in every story, everything is revealed: it is a universal council of wisdom. And they all speak in aphorisms; that's not true to life either; aphorisms are not natural to the Russian language."

"What about sayings and proverbs?"

"That's a different thing. They are not of to-day's manufacture."

"But you yourself often speak in aphorisms."

"Never. There again you touch everything up, people as well as nature—especially people. So did Lieskov, an affected, finicking writer whom nobody reads now. Don't let anyone influence you, fear no one, and then you'll be all right."

Or science he said: "Science is a bar of gold made by a charlatan alchemist. You want to simplify it, to make it accessible to all: you find that you have coined a lot of false coins. When the people realize the real value of those coins, they won't thank you."

At times he gives one the impression of having just arrived from some distant country, where people think and feel differently and their relations and language are different. He sits in a corner tired and grey, as though the dust of another earth were on him, and he looks attentively at everything with the look of a foreigner or of a dumb man. Yesterday, before dinner, he came into the drawing-room, just like that, his thoughts far away. He sat down on the sofa, and, after a moment's silence, suddenly said, swaying his body a little, rubbing the palm of his hand on his knee, and wrinkling up his face: "Still that is not all—not all."

Someone, always stolidly stupid as a flat-iron, asked: "What do you say?"

He looked at him fixedly, and then, bending forward and looking on to the terrace where I was sitting with Doctor Nikitin and Yelpatievsky, he said: "What are you talking about?"

"Plehve."

"Plehve . . . Plehve . . ." he repeated musingly after a pause, as though he heard the name for the first time. Then he shook himself, like a bird, and said with a faint smile: "To-day from early morning I have had a silly thing running in my head; some one once told me that he saw the following epitaph in a cemetery:

Beneath this stone there rests Ivan Yegovner;

A tanner by trade, he always wetted hides.

His work was honest, his heart good, but, behold,

He passed away leaving his business to his wife.

He was not yet old and might still have done a lot of work But God took him away to the life of paradise on the night Friday to Saturday in Passion week—

and something like that. . . ." He was silent, and then, nodding his head and smiling faintly, added: "In human stupidity, when it is not malicious, there is something very touching, even beautiful. . . . There always is."

They called us to come to dinner.

MAXIM GORKY.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG MAN DO?

My English friend meant to be polite. But clearly he was puzzled.

"Why do all my young American friends invariably ask me if I know of any job they can get in England or Europe? Last month in Paris I saw hundreds of men who had been in the American army who had gone back home to be discharged and had then scraped together enough money to enable them to take the first steamer back to France. All your younger journalists and writers seem to be planning just one thing—how to get out of this country by hook or by crook. Yet you know how impossible Europe's economic condition is to-day compared with America's. For a young man without independent means even to make his own living in Europe to-day is an onerous task. But your countrymen come over by the boat-load in spite of all the difficulties. Why is it?"

Half apologetically I said something about intolerance and bigotry.

"I understand that," he said, "even an outsider can not help seeing certain things. Nevertheless you have, in your phrase, all the 'makings' of a great country and a great civilization; you have national youth, abundant resources, an enormous fund of goodwill and vitality. The war has not crippled you as it has us. The world lies before you. America is still the land of opportunity. I should think it would be a challenge to your young men. And as for the unpleasant things—I should think the obligation to fight these evils would be a stimulus. Instead, we have the spectacle of a young and vigorous nation sending more and more of its best young manhood to a civilization that quite literally is dying. Youth rushing to live with senility. Why is it?"

Now to the average American I daresay my English friend's question will seem unreal. He will think of the score of young men he knows who haven't the slightest desire to leave the country, the hundreds more who hope to buy a motor car and own a stucco home in the suburbs, and he will probably conclude that the Englishman had in mind only writers, artists, and other strange fish of that fry, who in the nature of things might perhaps be expected to be discontented, but who really don't matter very much one way or the other. Indeed, the average American's personal opinion is likely to be that the country will be just as well off without these troublesome and impertinent youngsters anyway. The strong, the alert, the efficient are all staying: by the light in their eyes anyone can see that some of them will eventually get to Wall Street and sell oodles of fake oil-stock to greedy suckers. No, says Mr. Average American, the real young men are not going. And from his point of view he is right.

But to the intelligent foreigner, who can hardly be expected to share our amiable American prejudices in these matters, the steady denudation of the United States of its imaginative and adventurous and artistically creative young men is a sight which may well make him question the validity of many of our complacent assumptions about our so-called civilization.

Those who take the trouble to keep in touch with that small part of the younger American generation which regards its condition and quality as of something higher than a piece of animated lard, know with what frank and disconcerting eagerness these young men look forward to escape from these shores. They know well enough that the Englishman's question is strictly relevant. Of course the young high-school graduate of Topeka, Kansas, has no desire to get away, for he hopefully anticipates a prosperous career of real-estate speculation, and is well content to let a monstrous regiment of women in the Mississippi Valley tell him that he shall not drink a bottle of wine in cosmopolitan New York, or smoke a cigarette in rural Nebraska, or read "Les Chansons de Bilitis" anywhere north of the Rio Grande. If the young Topekan finds the repressions and regulations getting too much for him, he can with a slight degree of effort organize a little lynching party and let off steam that way. Certain members of the esteemed Turkish nation have followed this technique for years; in Armenian atrocities the Turk has found a first-class compensation for the emotional aridity of his teetotalism, and while we unfortunately haven't any Armenians handy to exterminate, we had excellent substitutes during 1917 and 1918 in the pro-Germans, and during 1919 and 1920 we have done pretty well with the "Reds," and of course there are always our coloured citizens to fall back upon. No, what is pleasantly termed the "backbone of the country" will not go. They never do. But what William James once said of his university is equally true of his country—our irreconcilables are our proudest product; and it is precisely our irreconcilables who are going.

Something must be radically wrong with a culture and a civilization when its youth begins to desert it. Youth is the natural time for revolt, for experiment, for a generous idealism that is eager for action. Any civilization which has the wisdom of self-preservation will allow a certain margin of freedom for the expression of this youthful mood. But the plain, unpalatable fact is that in America to-day that margin of freedom has been reduced to the vanishing point.

Rebellious youth is not wanted here. In our environment there is nothing to challenge our young men; there is no flexibility, no colour, no possibility for adventure, no chance to shape events more generously than is permitted under the rules of highly organized looting. All our institutional life combines for the common purpose of blackjacking our youth into the acceptance of the *status quo*; and not acceptance of it merely, but rather its glorification, (I recall a fine passage of Plato wherein he says that one of the real virtues of youth is its ability to be shocked at things as they are.) In industry, commerce, science—especially in so vital a subject as educational psychology where any real revolution will be begun—in medicine and law, and in the game of hoodwinking morons (otherwise known as politics) the field in America is open and the opportunities are great. But in literature, art, music, the labour-movement, the theatre—in brief, in all those activities where the creative instincts of youth have freest play, science alone excepted—the field in America is closed.

Even in science the exception is more apparent than real. Big business has somehow managed to identify science, and psychology along with it, as a mysterious ally of efficiency, economy and all the other shibboleths of what it assumes is the *summum bonum* of life, increased production. Big business is willing to subsidize universities and laboratories and research because it thinks that money so given will return enriched pragmatically, if not in hard cash, an hundredfold. Perhaps it will, but when the financiers discover that the best psychologists are working for an educational revolution that will exorcise from the minds of our children their inhibitions and fears, and will enable them to think straight enough to know how to go about changing our present economic system, perhaps they will not be so generous with their cash. For any development of the true scientific spirit will be fatal to the present wasteful order of things. But to-day the number of men, either in business or in the universities who see the implications of endowing research, psychological research in particular, are but a handful. The successful business man regards such endowment as a graceful way of capping his career, as well as the fulfilment of an ethical obligation; he is seldom intelligent enough to contemplate the consequences. The university man, too, is equally blind in most cases; he shares all the current prejudices and clings to the current taboos. Even in our science-schools, as in all the rest of our civilization, there is no concession to the spirit of youth.

At this point the practical person will be sure to point out that youth resents whatever lack of opportunity there may be, chiefly in what may be called, for convenience sake, the amenities of life. America, the practical person admits, is to-day a strong, materialistically-minded country, but he says, we must not be too harsh with her simply because the more gracious aspects of life have not yet been fully developed or because the artist feels himself crushed by the hardness and unmanageability of his environment. That is precisely the point. Youth is not interested, and rightly not interested, merely in material success or in a career that commands the respect of his neighbors. Youth does not care, and rightly does not care, merely to make money, merely to "get on." Youth wants to savour life, to enrich its quality if he may and if he can, to feel and experience something of its range and depth—youth wants to make over civilization so that others may in increasing measure do likewise,

for that is the glorious way of youth. Youth is not content, and rightly not content, with shaping its life to conventional ends alone—to marry, "settle down," mow the lawn, drive its own Ford, read the popular magazines, join a lodge, go to the movies, drink grape-juice, vote blatherskites into political office, listen to incompetent preachers holding forth on doctrines in which no one with an ounce of gray matter any longer believes, send its children to schools and colleges to have their minds devastated with bad philosophy and worse economics, and get its only excitement occasionally out of the vicarious thrill which accompanies Babe Ruth's feat of knocking a home run.

To accept life as it is and make the best of it, may be an admirable quality in middle-aged men, as it is a lovable quality in old men, but it is a horrible thing in a young man. The intransigent spirit of youth focusses its aspiration upon the quality of life. It demands something richer and more varied than is thought good for it by the W. C. T. U. of Centerville, Ohio. It demands also that it shall have the opportunity to help make over into something finer than we now know, the civilization of which it is a part. But in America youth is permitted to do neither one thing nor the other.

The other day in an unguarded moment, Mr. Mark Sullivan let the cat out of the bag in a dispatch to the *Evening Post* of New York. Mr. Sullivan was giving a post-mortem explanation as to why the ruling clique in the Republican Party has settled upon Senator Harding as a candidate, rather than upon any of the other men who were equally acceptable to the ruling powers. He cited several reasons, and then picked out the human motive which made the choice irresistible. Senator Harding, he explained, was a man after their own hearts, a mediocrity like themselves. The Old Guard could be comfortable with him; if any of the boys met him on the Main Street of their "dismal" home-towns, they could talk to him free and easy-like with no self-consciousness or embarrassment.

Now the adjective "dismal" is not mine but Mr. Sullivan's. And although, if his attention were called to it, Mr. Sullivan might describe it as an inadvertance, the word is unerring and deadly. The dispatch was probably written in haste with little chance for careful revision, which makes the choice of that particular word all the more revealing of what the writer really thought. As a matter of fact, nothing could be more exact. That is precisely the trouble with these home-towns. They are dismal, dismal beyond the endurance of men who, after all, are the children of those who once built real civilizations, and among whom, on occasion, must be a youth who remembers. In these "dismal" places there is no art, no music, no drama, no intellectual life, no festivals and gala days that are not a mockery of gaiety, no religion that can summon and cleanse emotion, no concept of morality except a rancid, superficial Puritanism combined—as is usually the case—with an inward sordidness and hypocrisy, no sense of the joy of life, no graciousness, no urbanity. These home-towns are rural in a bad sense, through and through, self-complacent, envious and intolerant of what they do not understand, successful enough materially but living a life that is wholly dominated by a conventional fear of the worst kind—a fear of what people will say.

That is an indictment, and it is meant to be an indictment. The same idea is vulgarly expressed in the popular song, "How Are You Goin' To Keep 'Em

Down on the Farm, After They've Seen Patee,"—a song which contains much homely wisdom and may be commended to the attention of all Bishops and pastors.

Before the war, of course one could escape from this rural horror by migrating to the cities, and most young men who possessed the imagination of a minnow took full advantage of their opportunities. But to-day the big city has been made over into the likeness of the home-town. The home-town has always been jealous of the city, and now at last it has succeeded in making the city nearly as uncivilized and dismal as itself.

In plain truth, the whole country is engulfed in a flood of petty regulations of all kinds, and energetic organizations, devoted to the task of meddling with everything and seeing that everybody is as dull and stupid as themselves, to-day hold the whip hand. The 18th Amendment is but a symbol of the times. It stands, in fact, for the prohibition of everything. What we Americans are insanely trying to do is to make our civilization fool-proof. The chances are it can not be done, yet in so far as we succeed, we shall discover that we are making it genius-proof as well. Civilization can not be justified if it does not cherish enough freedom to permit a man to go to hell in his own way. And in the twentieth-century America the chances are becoming slimmer and slimmer every day of leading any other kind of life than the monotonous majority-ruled, unimaginative existence of the great average. Youth is gradually awakening to this dreary fact and is properly resentful.

Yet youth of the real sort would gladly stick it out if the opportunity to change the environment in any appreciable way were offered. No man wants to abandon his own country if it is humanly possible to avoid doing so. We are home-loving animals; that simple, natural patriotism for the soil from which we sprang—quite unlike the artificial patriotism for the national state, with which it is generally confused—is rooted deep down in all of us. But in these days what opportunity has a young man to effect any such appreciable change in his American environment? Practically none at all. All doubts on this score will be dissipated in a moment by reading a few typical commencement exhortations of this present year. What is the burden of all of them? "Gentlemen of the graduating class, we stand at a great crisis in civilization. The rest of the world is in the grip of chaos and Bolshevism. America stands as Gibraltar against the onrushing tide of anarchy! We must return to those great principles on which our country was founded. We must create a new reverence for that immortal instrument, the American Constitution (cheers), struck off by those great minds in 1787 . . ." Think of it!—1787, over 130 years ago. Our form of government is to-day one of the oldest among modern states, as it is the most conservative. Yet the appeal to our youth is always to throw all its vitality behind the preservation of that ancient form. The same strain runs through all the business, professional and moral exhortations to the youth of America. Art and literature are seldom mentioned of course, and then only in a half-apologetic manner and with a gibe at "the vagaries of the present day."

In short the institutional life of America is a combination for the blackjacking of our youth into the acceptance of the *status quo* not of 1920, but of the late eighteenth century in government, of the early nineteenth century in morals and culture, and of the stone age in business. If the young man of to-day still has

enough native vitality and intellectual power to attempt to break these chains he will be made to pay too high a price. If his interest is in literature, he must either become popular or starve; if in art, he must choose between flattering the vanity of silly rich people or enduring misunderstanding and neglect; if in the theatre, he must reach the lowest common denominator of Broadway or the movies or put all his energies into the struggle to make a bare living. Of course there are exceptions; but the point is that they are exceptions. These exceptions are not accepted generously; they are merely tolerated, and even then with some impatience. Every social influence in the country is against them. Small wonder then that they look with such eager eyes towards Europe.

My English friend was mistaken when he spoke of our youth rushing to live with senility. It is youth rushing to live with youth of its own kind. One of the most amazing results of Europe's years of misery has been the quickening of all kinds of cultural and intellectual life. In spite of starvation, disease, political chaos, the breakdown of all the old standards of life—indeed, perhaps because of them—the people who are interested in art and literature and music and the theatre and revolution (the genuine article, not our imitation kind) can find all those interests satisfied in Europe to-day. There are music festivals in Vienna even though the children are starving. The youth who wants to take part in a real revolution can do so in Italy to-day, though food and fuel are lacking. For those who seek carnival and the Latin spirit there is still Paris, though France is face to face with financial ruin. Those to whom the theatre means everything will get the stimulation they need in Berlin and Munich, though Germany lives under the treaty of Versailles. And for the more adventurous there is Russia.

Who can wonder that the young men we should do our best to keep with us are leaving on every boat. It is not surprising that they turn with disgust from such self-conscious and helpless groups as the Young Democracy and the League of Youth and the rest. They are not deceived by the Y. M. C. A. and Chautauqua lamb masquerading as the revolutionary lion; they know well enough that all the fine phrases about democracy and co-operation are merely middle-class, Anglo-Saxon, morality impulses disguised in new terms. They are heartily tired of the fake. They want the real thing, and their sure instinct tells them that in Europe (not in England of course), even in the Europe that is dying from the follies and crimes of its old men, life can still be lived.

And we who, because of one obligation or another, must for a shorter or longer time stay behind, can not we be permitted to accord to youth as it ventures forth our admiration for its courage and perhaps envy it a little? Can not we do something to make it possible that the answer to the question set forth as the title of this paper must not forever be—Get out!

HAROLD STEARNS.

D'ANNUNZIO'S QUEST.

THEY knew so positively, the newspaper editors and their letter-writing subscribers, why the tragic-comic misdeed of Fiume had occurred! The *coup* had scarcely been struck before one could hear, solemnly asseverated on every side, that energy had been perverted and the dilapidated edifice in which we dwell been made to crumble further because a poet had entered the "world of action"! D'Annunzio was the

anomaly "the poet in the world of action." And yet, it would have been wiser of them, the editors and the suddenly-illuminated readers, had they hesitated awhile before attributing the imbroglio of the Adriatic to the fact that a poet had overstepped the boundaries of the sphere assigned to him by nature; before pompously bidding the tribe beware of entering the field of serious affairs.

Artists have oftentimes been happily active in the sphere of business, politics, and war, which the American business man delights to term "the world of action"; done splendid deeds in it. Michelangelo perverted no energy when he ceased work on the Medici tombs to defend Florence against brutal Emperor and treacherous Pope. Milton made no mistake when he accepted the post of Latin Secretary to the Commonwealth, and sacrificed his eyesight in the cause of civil and religious liberty. Byron did not make to totter the edifice of civilization when he died at Missolonghi that Europe might be saved from the reaction of the Holy Alliance. The examples of the innumerable other poets who have engaged beautifully in "action" should have, it would appear, deterred d'Annunzio's critics from attributing the folly of his course to anything but an idiosyncrasy; should have set them probing nowhere but in the depths of his orchid-like personality. Indeed, had they but turned to examine the man's literary productions, they could not well have helped seeing that the curve upon which Fiume lies had a long while been plotted there, and that the riddle which d'Annunzio the political adventurer proposes, is to be read very easily from the relation that existed between the man and his artistic mediums.

D'Annunzio in his prose and poetry is a man labouring heroically to heave a leaden weight from off his limbs. It is the load of accumulated spirit which he has never quite been able to transfer from himself to others. For he has never really felt. What he was in his connexion with Duse, that he has been in all the affairs of life. He has confessed it in a thousand words, "Would that I might cease being merely the brain, and come to love the world!" he makes Giorgio Aurispa, or another of his mouthpieces, cry:

Or chi,
Dimmi, domo col fuoco il fuoco? Or chi
Spense la face con la face? Or chi
Con l'arco feri l'arco?

he demands through anguished Fedra; "there is no other fashion of obtaining victory over man and circumstance," he writes in "Il Fuoco," "than by constantly feeding one's own exaltation, and magnifying one's own dream of beauty or of power."

He has confessed his helplessness in a thousand acts. The figure of the psychically impotent artist has always haunted his imagination. In his earlier years, he wrote in succession the story of the golden youth of modern Rome who is corrupted by the vicious great lady and rendered unable to accept the true love offered him; the tragedy of the artist prevented from giving himself to anyone, from feeling anything but the devastating love of plastic beauty; the legend of the noble maidens waiting dreamily among the rocks for the life that does not come to them, and of the young man whose will "hangs unused at his side like a sword in its scabbard." He has searched avidly for sensation all his career. Figured by the imagination of the general, a sort of Dionysiac creature of poetic frenzies and searing lips, a modern Sardanapalus of letters, an artistic Vesuvius which inundates whole provinces with its outpourings and shakes Rome, Florence and Venice with the might of its travail, d'Annunzio has in truth

been spending his days in the frenetic quest of the situation, the posture, the gesture, the movement, which will ignite him completely, make him flame in high poetic rapture, and discharge the monstrous burden from his breast.

He has been made to welcome innumerable forms of expression not quite compatible with the life of art, has played at times the dandy and the voluptuary, the aviator and the sportsman, the demagogue and the soldier. He has never ceased being impelled to display himself to the world in bizarre and arresting attitudes, and d'Annunzio has always been one of the most astute of self-advertisers, as though secretly convinced that the consummation would come to pass could he but compel men to marvel at him, to admire and applaud. He has never rested in his search for the doctor. He has sought to assimilate the ideas of many men, of Wagner, Nietzsche, Tolstoy, Barrès and others; like the true hypochondriac has swallowed every new nostrum placed upon the market. Year after year he has constituted himself the prophet of a new god; and the new god has invariably contradicted the god of yesterday. At first, it was the religion of art which d'Annunzio preached, the virtue of form, sound and colour. Then, it was the cult of extraordinary personages, the quest of the Latin superman, the renaissance of the Mediterranean genius. Then in brief succession, it was the worship of the Latin soil and the Latin dead; the glory of machinery; *la mort parfumée*; the beauty of war and the grandeur of the Italian empire. Yesterday, we are told, it was the "league of suppressed nations." To-day, it is "the best elements of bolshevism." To-morrow, it will be something entirely different. And it is the selfsame search for an intellectual medicine, the selfsame illusion that creative men have possessed an intellectual secret, a sesame, which has enabled them to make the spiritual transference which he has never really achieved, that, more than mere love of magnificence and luxury, has always impelled him to seek to live in the manner of a prince of the Renaissance. The rare and costly objects with which he has ever surrounded himself, the treasures of art, the statuary, the gorgeous manuscripts, the packs of hounds and the Arabian steeds, the marble Victory that extended the conqueror's bays from the foot of his sumptuous bed, have been so indispensable to him probably only for the reason that he has always found himself in need of much æsthetic stimulus, has always suffered from a feminine need of operating from the creative centres of others, and has come to believe firmly that the creative impulse is communicated solely by situations, objects, beings, works of art, experiences; solely by things contacting him without.

His works make no communication. We are not penetrated by his compositions. We are not implicated in his murders and adulteries, his incests, parricides and fratricides, as we are in those represented by the dramas of the Greeks and the Elizabethans. His violent and smoky actions remain strangely matters of convention; gestures of grand operatic libretti. It is entirely immaterial to us whether the son murders the father in "La Figlia di Jorio" or the father the son; whether Marco Gratico stabs Gergio Gratico or Gergio, Marco, in "La Nave." It does not matter to us, save as picturesque detail matters, that the sixteenth-century Venetians of the later tragedy intone a profane hymn with the refrain—

Domuit Diona fortes,
Fregit Diona vires,
Omnes trahit Diona.

and indulge in other sinful heresies. We can not iden-

tify ourselves with any of his wordy heroes; we are even a little relieved when Aurispa throws himself and his mistress over the precipice. Certainly, "Il Fuoco" is one of the dreariest of love-stories. As for "Le Martyre de Saint Sebastien," it proved a martyrdom not so much for the protagonist as for the folk who assisted at the representations at the *Châtelet* in Paris. Throughout the body of d'Annunzio's so thickly jewelled work, one is conscious of that "aridity of agitation in which the narrator expends treasures of art in trying to interest us" which Henry James found characteristic of the man's prose. His compositions remain feats of a "virtuosic" genius, brilliant displays of transcendent style, *bravoura* passages upon the instrument which the author has shaped for himself with infinite care, but which he has never been able really to use for the purposes of expression. "Francesca da Rimini" is merely a gorgeously draped melodrama, a museum of terrible and interesting thirteenth-century Italian antiquities. The few lines in the fifth canto of the "Inferno" remain incommensurably more powerful than this erudite five-act tragedy. "La Figlia di Jorio" and "Fedra" are equally reliquaries of gorgeous style and metrical cunning, the one in the pastoral-tragic, the other in the classical-erotic vein. The best of his novels, too, are mosaics of astonishing rhetoric, fantasias of words collected from a thousand obscure and forgotten sources, objects incrustated with all manner of curious verbal jewellery.

For it is toward his own person that all d'Annunzio's energies are directed. It is by his own body that all this vibration is felt. Little penetrates to us. D'Annunzio's literary activity is the self-compensation of one whose form of expression should have been verbal composition, but who has been denied the power of sympathy; the protest of a rich and energetic nature against an inward incapacity, a profound conviction of inferiority. It is his attempt to bring to being in himself what fate has denied him. We see him labouring for the summit of emotion; contorting his muscles; pumping and panting and straining in a sort of terrible tumescence. We feel him whipping himself relentlessly into the state of frenzy which he terms "condition of energy." He calls august and resonant names into his ears; he terms himself "Il Donnatore," Lord of Life, Gabriel of the Annunciation of a Latin renaissance, descendant of a great family, demoniac like Socrates, inheritor of the imperious will-power of the *quattrocento*. In writing "Le Martyre de Saint Sebastien" in obsolete verse-forms of old French, he tells himself that his new muse resembles Valentina Visconti, the Milanese princess who married into the house of Valois, and became the mother of Charles d'Orleans and the foster mother of Dunois. He imagines himself in glorious situations, for his heroes, Andrea Sperelli, Giorgio Aurispa, Stelio Efrana, are frankly auto-portraits; sees himself inflaming with marvellous language an assemblage of high-born Italians in the hall of the Great Council in the palace of the Doges, while upon him there rest the ecstatic eyes of Eleanora Duse; sees himself surrounded by brilliant and wonderful disciples who strangely resemble himself; promises that through himself his countrymen are to receive a body of art which will be able to stand strong and erect under the cloudless Mediterranean sky and in the heat and abundance of the South; pictures himself, in "La Gloria," conquering and dominating the Third Rome.

And his passionate personages, Francesca, Mila, Fedra, Basiliola, are not so much personages as states of incandescence into which d'Annunzio strives to

project himself. He would embody these legendary figures of romance in himself in order to be drunken with their passion. When he makes Fedra utter her concerto of splendid language, her rhetorical description of her great love, when he makes her declare that the earth may bear countless days and countless men, untold corn and labour, wine and war and sorrow, but never again a love that is like unto the love of Fedra, it is himself, his own person, chiefly, that he is striving to excite. The speech reveals itself as self-inflammatory in its rhetoricality, its descriptiveness where it should be representational and dramatic, its outwardness. So, too, are the outbursts, the frenzy of curses, the ecstasy of long declarations of passion, the loud rhetoric of ideas, with which his work is incrustated. When he makes the Deaconess Ema hurl shrill and decorative curses upon Basiliola in "La Nave"; when he makes the suitors of "La Pisanella" damn each other in seven different metres; he does so in the vain effort to fire himself with the ardour of hate. The harmony of stars which Basiliola vaunts herself to be, from forehead to sole; the flood and ebb that sweep through her breast; the murmur of waters that sounds in her; the melody of worlds that lives in her; are but the symbols for the condition to which d'Annunzio has ever aspired, and which he attempts to achieve by naming.

And wellnigh each of his works contains some scene, some episode, that represents to d'Annunzio the coming of the power to feel. Such are the scenes where Mila is roasted alive, where Fedra is transfixed by the shaft of the goddess, where Aurispa hurls himself and his mistress over the cliff, where Saint Sebastien meets martyrdom, where Basiliola slays the captives in the subterranean prison, where the conflagration sweeps over the water and ends the "Sogna d'un tramonto d'autunno." And just for the reason that all this pain, this suffering, this agony, represents to him a longed-for and beneficent condition, he lets his characters utter the strange ecstatic language that has earned for him the popular sobriquet of "degenerate," lets the daughter of Jorio scream "La fiamma è bella! La fiamma è bella"; lets Fedra expiring, joyously salute the stars shining above the portal of death; lets the prisoners offer their bare breasts to the murderous arrows of Basiliola and die praising her; lets the saint call to the archers who are discharging their shafts at him

Je vous le dis, je vous le dis:

Celui qui plus profondément

Me blesse, plus profondément m'aime!

The difference between the rape of Fiume and d'Annunzio's characteristic literary work is only a matter of medium. The use to which the man has put the instrument of political action is precisely that to which he has so often put the belletristic. The escapade, too, is an act of false heroism, a parade chiefly for the benefit of the immobile spectator in d'Annunzio's mind. It is d'Annunzio's later attempt to rouse that spectator, to intoxicate him, to make him act, and the fact that the deed has won d'Annunzio the applause of fashionable Italy does not make it any less the piece of auto-intoxication. To a degree, it is the man's supreme effort. It was for the sake of this effort, which he knew the war would permit him to make, that he had welcomed the war long before the day when Italy joined in the fray, long before the days of the black August; never had let slip the opportunity of preaching the beauty of carnage, the splendour of the "energy" it liberated; of inflaming the herd-pride of his countrymen by informing them that they were the rightful heirs of the Roman and Venetian empires; never had ceased crying of the Adriatic "fiat mare

nostrum," and congratulating the nation on the exploits of its soldiery in the raid on Tripoli. For it had been the great voice of modern Italy, the Italian Wagner, that his creative impotence had made him dream of becoming. It was as the Gabriel of the annunciation of a Latin renaissance that he had wished to appear to his compatriots. He had even told them in "Il Fuoco" that he was going to give them an art which would "sum up within itself all the forces latent in the hereditary substance of the nation; be a constructive and determining power in the Third Rome, pointing out to the men who were taking part in its government the primitive truths that were to be made the bases of the new forms; create instantaneous beauty in the numberless obscurities of the soul; bring to rough, unconscious souls, by the mysterious power of rhythm, an emotion deep as that felt by the prisoner on the point of being freed from his chains. On the Janiculum, he had promised them, there was to arise, "where once the eagles had descended with their prophecies, a theatre of Apollo that was to be no other than the monumental revelation of the idea toward which the Italian race is led by its genius."

Of course, no new Bayreuth had risen, no new "Ring der Niebelungen" had been composed. D'Annunzio's "ideas," so cleverly adopted from Wagner, from Nietzsche, from Barrès, had not been received with enthusiasm even by the gilded youth of the kingdom. Despite "La Figlia di Jorio," with its pompous dedication to the soil and the dead of Italy; despite the ideal of "energy" which d'Annunzio had held out to the young men of his country in the character of Hippolytos in "Fedra"; despite "La Nave" with its glorification of Italian sea-power, his works had not imposed themselves as the "monumental revelation." Indeed, the only "idea" to which fashionable Italy had been at all responsible before the recent war was that of imperialism. And so d'Annunzio had found himself assured that, could but Italy be forced into a war and the imperial mania be made general, the miracle for which he had always longed would certainly come to pass in him because of the fact that he would find himself voicing the universal sentiment.

And scarcely had the conflict swept over Europe than d'Annunzio began making his last great assault upon himself. He has let slip no opportunity of exhibiting himself, of intoxicating himself, of glorifying himself. He has offered the world every spectacle which he has been able to devise. We have seen him harangue the Romans from the Capitoline; receive the roses of Bari in token of the war-will of the Italian people; sup with the king in the Quirinal; deliver orations to the corps of aviators; hail the constellation in the banner of the United States when America entered the war; fly over starving Vienna when Austria crumbled; sing the "Cantico per l'ottava della vittoria." We have seen him seize Fiume, the sinister banner of Italian imperialism at the masthead, and strike the tottering edifice of civilization another blow; hurl grandiose defiance at the Roman cabinet; issue manifestos, pronunciamentos, declarations, ultimatums; arrange Homeric funeral rites in the great square of Fiume for two soldiers dead of the chicken-pox; offer to fly to China; espouse the cause of suppressed peoples; enroll himself defender of "the best elements of Bolshevism"; stand before the cameras of the cinematograph photographers and place a helmet on his head.

And yet, the miracle has not taken place. D'Annunzio has found himself neither an Achilles nor a Homer; neither a Byron nor a Wagner. All his

mimicry of heroic gestures has not made him the creator; neither has it made him hero or poet. That we know. We know that his deed is only an empty flourish, whatever its immediate consequences may be. We know it, because never before have we so clearly known in what the creative act consists, and what it is the world demands of the poet and the hero alike. We know that it is an affirmation of the spirit of man; the demonstration of the grandeur of the human spirit. It is such an affirmation which the true poet makes both in his actions in letters and in politics; it is that demonstration which Michelangelo made alike in the Medici chapel and in the fortification of Florence, that Milton made alike in "Samson Agonistes" and in his secretarial activities, that Byron made both in "Don Juan" and at Missolonghi. That we know because we inhabit a world that above all other worlds requires such testimonials. And it is precisely a testimonial to the spiritual might of men that Fiume is not. It is but another triumph of the beast in man; of the very beast that has torn our world to shreds; a triumph all the more complete because it is the work of one who more than any other of his time has mouthed words concerning the glory of art, the grandeur of the poet, the genius of the race. It is but another victory of the brutal past. Were there no prose and poetry to demonstrate the profound spiritual impotence of Gabriele d'Annunzio, this escapade of his would amply do so to all time.

And over the head of this poetical impostor, we send our cry for the true poet, the man who can perform the creative act that shows the direction in which the race must go if it would persist, and renew our faith in humankind, and make us to love the world once more.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

"KING WILLIAM WAS KING JAMES'S SON."

We were really children when I was a child. I have made that remark to my son, but he was incredulous; no, not incredulous, but simply he could not understand me. He does not know what it means to be a child. I asked him if he had ever played paw, or foot-and-a-half, or prisoner's base. He shook his head, sadly, I think, not at his own ignorance but at my dotage, while his sister shut off the music box—no, that's English, the musicola—and came over to learn what it was of which her brother was ignorant. Being, as are all young girls nowadays, a feminist, she takes every opportunity to show that she is less ignorant than—no, that her brother is more ignorant than she.

They, my son and daughter, are not grown. They are—let us not be too exact—between the ages of twelve and twenty, and they have never played a real child's game.

"Oh, yes we have, Father," says Molly, "we have played all sorts of games in the kindergarten."

"No, not all sorts; just one sort. The sort that improves your mind and strengthens your character. I know the kind. I have seen children playing them, and have played them myself, but not in the kindergarten: 'Now look at little Bobby, so happy and gay.' Little Bobby is chosen because it is evident from his face that he was what, in a grown man, would be called a twenty-four-hour grouch. 'Now tell us, little Bobby, what you'd like to play.' Little Bobby doesn't want to play anything, as a matter of fact. He looks insufferably bored, and is thinking, I suspect, of the 'movies.' But he is a man of experience and knows it is up to him to choose something; so, in desperation, he selects that joyous and exhilarating game called—but let us not be invidious. No, my dear, that is not the kind of game I mean. I mean the kind of game that doesn't teach you anything, that doesn't strengthen your character, that doesn't mean anything; you just play it, and play it for fun. For instance, take this old friend"; and I hummed:

Follow my lady, tipsy toe.
I don't care whether I work or no.
Follow my lady, tipsy toe.
What time is it, old witch?

"Is that a game, Father?" gasped Molly. "How do you play it?"

"Why you—you—" I scratched my head; really I had forgotten how "Follow my lady, tipsy toe" was played. "I have forgotten the exact details of that game, my dear—you see, it was a long time ago—but the point is that one just played it, and one never forgot the verses. Now I venture to say you can't remember the verses and tune of a single kindergarten-game you ever played."

"No, I can't and I don't want to," said Mary.

"Ah, there you are! Now I never can forget "Tipsy toe" and I never want to. I can still feel the thrill that comes over you when the old witch runs out and grabs you. Why, the game seems to be coming back to me! I can see my lady mincing along with a string of us others following behind, and mimicking her; and then the rush of the witch! You ran away shrieking with fear. But she always caught someone. I wonder," I mused, "what she did with him."

"It doesn't matter much now, does it?" asked Molly.

"It matters a great deal to me," I said. "If you two were as young as I am, I'd make you get up and play the game with me to see if it all wouldn't come back. These old games grew out of the roots of life. They weren't invented by school-teachers. They were made—made-up—by countless generations of children. There now, it's all coming back to me. I can see her, my lady, the chataleine of a mediæval castle, going out for a walk by the edge of the forest, in the meadow down beyond the moat. Maids and pages throw down the work they were supposed to be doing, and follow their mistress, hiding behind hedges and bushes. Then out of the black forest comes the old witch, powerful to harm . . . or, perhaps, my lady is the wife of a rich goldsmith of Cheap-side in Shakespeare's London, followed in derision by servant-maids and apprentices as she apes the manners of the great court-ladies. Then out of some dark alley comes with her crutch the avenging witch! . . . I suppose you never believed in witches?" I asked the boy.

"My word! no, Dad," he cries.

"Then you ought to, sir. You ought to believe in them and be afraid of them until you are twenty-one years of age."

"But, Father, they're not real."

"No sir, thank God, they are not real! That is just the reason why you should believe in them."

Of course the boy did not understand this, so he parried, "Why, I can go to a moving-picture show and see real battles—"

"Fought in New Jersey."

"And real train-wrecks, and real opium-dens with real Chinamen, and real bank-robberies—"

"Yes, and real moving-pictures of reptiles and saurians that were extinct a half-million years ago. Oh, realism, realism, what sins are committed in thy name! You see the "movies" of a real woman jumping upon a real train going a real sixty miles an hour, and think you are seeing real acting! But talking of games—"

"But we have stopped talking of games, Dad," said Mary.

"No, my dear. The movies are the children's games nowadays; the movies, and running autos and motor-boats, and sending wireless messages, and joining high-school 'frats,' and tangoing to rag-time music—which reminds me, have you ever heard of the game 'King William Was?' [Of course they hadn't.] It goes to the tune of 'Maryland, my Maryland,' a sweet and tender air which fills me with a haunting sadness arising, I think, from association with this very game" . . . and I sang, "King William was King James's son." I like to think of King William as a hero imagined by despairing Jacobites after they had abandoned all hope of ever restoring a genuine Charlie or Jamie to the throne.

Upon a royal race he run

—and such a race! He lost it, true, but surely he has been more loved and praised than the winner.

Upon his breast he wore a star
Which was called the life of war.

—the star of romantic adventure; no realism here.

Turn to the East, turn to the West

—O, youth, youth, venturing into any unknown region for the sake of a lost cause whatsoever!

And choose the one that you love best.

—ah, herein lies the heart of the whole matter; but

If she's not there, go, take your part,
And choose the next one to your heart.

—here is an echo of the frivolity and fickleness that is in all young blood.

Down on this carpet you must kneel
As sure as grass grows in the field;

—the Victorian revolt against licence, sacrificing everything, even the rhymes, to morality.

So love your bride and kiss her sweet.
Rise and stand upon your feet.

—Dear me! I have never thought of it before, but can these two lines be a foreshadowing, invented by some feminist arisen before her time, of the unblest, lightly binding marriage-tie, or perhaps of our modern easy divorce. No, never, let us scorn the idea. Those two lines mean now, as they meant in our childhood, the awakening of youth; the grown man standing upon his feet with the glow of youthful love and romance still upon him, ready for fine and worthy things.

So it is with all such games. "London Bridge is falling down," "Here come three dukes a-riding, ransom, transom, turmeity"; and scores of others—they come to us endeared by custom and hallowed by age and usage; bringing to us children a breath of a younger, simpler and happier world. But nowadays these old songs and games are forgotten, and wisely so. For of what use are simplicity and youth in an age in which children of fourteen are older in habits and tastes than their parents; in which, *horribile dictu*, Grandma herself, with the innocence of the serpent and the wisdom of the dove, strives to seem younger than her granddaughter?

L. MAGRUDER PASSANO.

THE THEATRE.

LAST SEASON—AND NEXT.

THERE are other things besides spiritism, aeroplanes, revolution, sadism, propaganda, knitting, and reaction to which apologists for the great war may point with pride. One of these is the American theatre. Perhaps I should say the New York theatre for only the coming season can tell whether the uncommon success of the many good plays that reached Broadway during 1919-1920 will be repeated either in New York or on the road in the season that is just beginning. Is the American theatre on the point of amounting to something? Or will it be merely the New York theatre? Will the new lease of life, which the long-run system of Broadway has suddenly and surprisingly achieved, be extended to the road? Is the repertory theatre, which once seemed so imminent in the economic troubles of our commercial playhouse, to take its place in that growing host of other desirable things which we call "un-American"?

The war may have stopped too soon to save us from bumptiousness and reaction. But, at least, the pen-scratchings of 11 November, 1918, saved our theatre from the degeneration which had swamped the London and Paris stages at the end of four years of "war relief." It must be conceded that the expansion of American industrial activity and the intoxication of national spirit, which now threaten us with a new imperialism, have exerted in the theatre something of the stimulus which gave Athens its great drama in the period of its imperial expansion, France its Molière, Racine and Corneille in the days of its battling Louis, England its Shakespeare in the bucaneeing times of Elizabeth, Spain its Lope de Vega and Calderón in the era of Alva and the Philips, and Germany its Hauptmann, Brahm and Reinhardt in the age of Wilhelm and Krupp.

The record of last season is scarcely Attic, but it is easily the best in the history of our stage, and little short of extraordinary by comparison with recent years. At least four plays of American authorship and unusual intelligence came to the foot-lights—and stayed there. Two were comedies and two tragedies. The best were Booth Tarkington's delightful extravaganza of American middle-class

types, "Clarence," and Eugene O'Neill's sturdy and true, if somewhat long-drawn, tragedy of the farm, "Beyond the Horizon." Zoë Akins's "Declassée" boasted a first act of ingenious structure and moving characterization, and dialogue of considerable distinction, to balance against its Pinerotic pretensions and its adventitious tragedy. Rachel Barton Butler's Harvard prize play "Mamma's Affair," possessing less freshness and drive than "Clarence," still had enough comedic skill to withstand some atrociously bad casting.

Besides such plays and playwrights, America contributed to half a dozen fine, foreign plays methods of production which made them effective and entertaining to large popular audiences. Taking the theories and practice of the new stage-craft from Germany and Russia, such American artists as Robert E. Jones, Lee Simonson, Norman-Bel Geddes, Rollo Peters, Livingston Platt, and the Hewlitt Brothers have pushed the art of heightening the atmosphere of a play so far that to-day New York has passed both London and Paris as to expressiveness of production, as well as calibre of plays. It was this new quality of illusion and imagination, reflected and supplemented by skilful direction and good acting, which made such a large part of the pleasure and success of Tolstoy's "Power of Darkness," Ervine's "Jane Clegg," Brioux's "Letter of the Law" and the revival of "Richard III." While the power and the beauty of John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln," coupled with its theme, would have made failure little short of impossible, the skill of the director, Lester Lonergan, and his players, and the illusion created by Livingston Platt did more than many imagine to make it one of the two most popular dramas of the year. In a lesser degree, skilful acting accounted for much of the pleasure in Somerset Maugham's comedy, "Too Many Husbands," and a spiritual freshness of presentation for the popularity of Andreyev's delicious satire, "The Beautiful Sabine Women," at the Neighborhood Playhouse down on Grand Street.

One play of distinction, Benevente's "Passion Flower," succeeded in spite of its lack of the perfection in acting and production that have now become characteristic of so large a share of New York productions.

Five distinguished plays failed to win the audiences that in one way or another they deserved. Masefield's beautiful and powerful "Tragedy of Nan" was put on for a series of *matinées* with even less skill and illusion than went into "The Passion Flower." Two other *matinée* productions, Gorky's "Night Lodging," mounted by Arthur Hopkins, and Euripides's "Medea," presenting the methods of Maurice Browne to New York for the first time, drew audiences hardly large enough to pay their way in this expensive season. Perhaps the fault was in some details of acting; perhaps there are not yet big enough audiences for such drama in New York. Faults of structure and, in one case, of acting condemned two plays of exceptional quality which contained the most thrilling first acts that I can recall, Masefield's Japanese tragedy, "The Faithful," and Lennox Robinson's drama of Parnell, "The Lost Leader." For the purposes of record there must be added to the Theatre Guild's list of fine plays well done—"The Power of Darkness," "Jane Clegg" and "The Faithful"—a good private performance of Strindberg's curious and dynamic drama, "The Dance of Death."

The surprising record of last season may be summarized in a table that is worth some study:

Of 100 plays produced, 30 ran more than 100 performances.
Of the 100 plays, 20 had genuine merit.
Of the 20, 15 were in some respect notable.
Of the 20 worth while plays, 15 were popular successes.
Of the 15 successes 6 were unusually successful.
The 6 were all in some respect notable.

So far as next season is concerned, the results of last season make three things fairly certain. America is beginning to develop new playwrights of real promise whose work will be seen on Broadway. New York producers have mastered the art of the theatre as the better stages of the Continent now know it. There is a good sized audience in New York for plays of an exceptional dramatic appeal, players of real ability, and productions of illusion and imagination. It is unlikely that anything short of a financial panic can prevent the coming Broadway season from repeating or bettering the record of the last.

But what about the rest of the country? And what about the coming of the repertory theatre to insure the permanence of such progress? I used to feel that the economics of the gamble which we call the theatrical business, was necessarily driving the theatre toward a new type of organization. The great profits to be obtained from success had bid up the costs of production to the point where only the exceptionally popular play could show a return; and, until the past season, the exceptionally popular play seemed bound to be the one with the broadest and most obvious appeal. This meant that the more intelligent and more sensitive audience would have to do without plays, unless the ruinous costs of wholesale gambling led certain managers to organize local theatres with permanent companies cultivating a special clientele for a special type of play. For a time the history of the commercial theatre bore out this line of theory. The New York successes grew more and more "popular." Fewer plays toured the road. Moving-pictures ate up the one-night stands. As a partial consequence, the so-called "little theatre movement" spread broadly, invading New York through the Washington Square Players, which left a legatee in the Theatre Guild.

It would be foolish to deny that the success of so many fine plays last season has impaired the argument for the inevitable coming of the repertory theatre. It is evident that under certain conditions of the public mind—perhaps a little extravagance as well as excitement—New York has a large enough audience of the better type of playgoers to insure the success of a good play well done, and to establish its vogue with a less critical public. But does this mean that the road will find itself in as little need of the repertory theatre as New York? "Clarence" will do well in our "provinces," and Ethel Barrymore's popularity will carry "Declassée"; but will "Beyond the Horizon" and "The Letter of the Law," or "Jane Clegg" and "The Power of Darkness" (if that local playhouse, the Theatre Guild, decides to send these two on tour) find profitable audiences outside New York? It is theatrical history that exceptional New York successes like "Justice," "Androcles and the Lion" and "John Ferguson" have starved in Boston and Philadelphia, and never penetrated to Keokuk. It is my own belief that, while the long-run theatre of Broadway has got a great deal of fight left in it, there is no hope for the road except from local enterprise. I believe further that without such groups as the Theatre Guild, which is in many essentials akin

to a repertory theatre, even New York must achieve less than it should of good work; certainly economical production and profitable audiences can not be found for "Night Lodging," "Medea," "The Lost Leader" or "The Faithful" without a repertory system. The special *matinée* is no fair substitute for it.

One exceptional feature of the past season may invalidate many of the conclusions that may be drawn from it. Though New York maintained the phenomenal number of fifty first-class playhouses at prices close to an average of three dollars for the orchestra, it is nevertheless true that there were fewer theatres in proportion to popular demand than ever before. When the eighteen new theatres now planned or building are opened, the competition for audiences is bound to affect the exceptional play when it has exhausted its own exceptional audience; the great mass of theatregoers will find more plays like "East is West" to seduce them from "Jane Clegg" or even "Clarence." Such a result may be far from undesirable. It will put the best plays more honestly on their merits, and it will do something to mitigate the vicious rental situation which now prevents any but a well-moneyed management from obtaining access to New York's playgoers.

KENNETH MACGOWAN.

POETRY.

THE HORNET'S NEST.

—How strangely like the churchyard skull,
The thing that's there amongst the leaves!

—A hornet's nest: but touch the branch,
And they'll be round your head and ears!

—Livid, uneyed, articulate,
How like a skull their nests are made!

—How like to hornet's nests the skulls
On many a one that still has flesh!

PADRAIC COLUM.

SUMMER.

I hail you, Summer, with your browned tanned neck,
Your forehead glistening with bright drops of sweat,
Your tousled hair with hay-dust eloquent,
Your big, bare arms, their whip-cord muscles taut
Against the strain of loaded fork, your laugh
That mocks the robins in the cherry tree,
And your colossal thirst! I see you plunge
Your hot face in the spring and watch your throat
Contract, expand, contract, expand, as if
You meant to drink the spring-hole dry; and then
Your dripping grin of vast, complete content!
Back to the fields you go, around your feet
A stirred-up swarm of startled grasshoppers,
Around your head a droning dragon fly,
Against the blue above a red tailed hawk
Looping great circles on his silent wings,
A locust shrilling in a thorn, the click
Of mowers calling you, the haze of heat
That trembles upward like thin ghosts of flame
From the baked roadway where the hay teams creak.
I hail you, Summer, lusty hired man
To all who till the soil!

But when night comes
With little cool and kissing winds, you bathe
In secret pools, then don a magic robe,
Fine-spun of starshine and the smell of flowers
And stealing forth, you whisper in the ear
Of lovers underneath romantic moons.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

MISCELLANY.

WHEN the days are too hot for anything except mental exertion those of us who are addicted to that sort of dissipation ought to do a little housecleaning. War rubbish has been accumulating these last five years in the closets and under the beds and behind the doors of our minds, and in the interests of mental tidiness it ought to be collected and thrown into the dustbin of literature. What business have our thoughts to go on living in the same room with a war metaphor. Why should we continue to refer to the last war as though it were full of illustrations that had never before seen the light? Let us inaugurate a new period in thought, the Era of Ventilation, and let us open it by acknowledging that the war teaches no fresh lessons except the folly of expecting any. It will be easier to keep the faces of the younger generation straight if we derive our points and illustrations from some less obviously anomalous enterprise.

If the statesmen, preachers, editorial writers, and the sandwichmen of the Four Estates generally don't make a clearing of their war-tags there are rumours from France that the younger generation will have its revenge. The new school of Da-da-ism which has arisen there offers a programme which seems capable of laughing the greater part of the Congressional Record, along with the proceedings of the Supreme Council of the League of Nations, quite out of existence. These young French Da-da-ists are just about "fed up," as their neighbours across the Channel put it, with the old order's everlasting iteration about the maintenance of democracy, the common interests of all classes, the duty to mankind, the sacred cause of civilization, and the rest of it. Why, these nice young logicians ask, should any sensible person continue to use these particular concatenations of syllables and phrases? Forms of words derived from the Bantu or Chinese languages would possibly make far richer vocal combinations, and as far as the meaning went the resulting Da-da tongue would not be a penny the worse.

NONSENSE, these innovators impudently believe, seems to be just about as good sense as the noises which the promoters and barkers of the old show are capable of articulating. Why try so hard to keep within the pages of the National Dictionary? "Xingu da-da kubla khan" means just as much as "a world made safe for democracy." In the name of variety, Da-da-ists do well to supplant the staler modes of expression. There are unfortunate tendencies however to keep this neo-linguistic movement within the realms of pure literature. Surely one of the first tasks of Da-da-ism ought to be the translation of one of Mr. Wilson's pristine messages.

My mind was thrown back upon an old line of thought by reading Mr. Evan Thomas's letter in a recent issue of this paper, and the tart editorial rejoinder—somewhat too tart, I thought, considering Mr. Thomas's evident sincerity and the little opportunity or encouragement that the civilization of this country holds out to intellectual scrupulousness, especially in the use of economic terms. We all enjoy cheating ourselves with words, using them as though they mean something when really, in the context we assign them, they mean nothing and are ludicrous—as Mr. Thomas, for instance, uses the term single tax. Ninety-nine per cent of what I have been lately reading about capital and capitalism has not the slightest logical reference to capital in the economic sense. The word is used with a curious kind of plausibility, used as Mark Twain's old friend Mr. Ballou was in the habit of using long words whose sound suggested sense but which did not make sense. When Mr. Ballou said that "the horses had become bituminous from long deprivation," for example, his sentence was oddly plausible; it seems to mean something, one can almost get at what was in his mind, yet it really means nothing. So

in the fugitive literature of economics that I have been perusing, the term capital is sometimes used for property, sometimes for wealth, sometimes for privilege, sometimes for product, and sometimes connotes merely an unanalyzed and composite economic accumulation.

THE newspapers, of course, furnish the best examples of this astonishing treatment of economic terms. I have been in the country this week, with access to only one New York daily; and I have been immensely amused by its view of the third-party doings in Chicago. It persistently represents the St. Louis platform of the Committee of Forty-eight as at the Right and the farmer-labour platform as at the Left. It discovers Messrs. Pinchot, Record and McCurdy as the moderates; and the Non-partisan League and American Labour party as the real thing in radicals. Obviously the editor somehow thinks that the radicalism of a platform is in direct ratio to the number of its planks. The fact is, of course, that the only approach to radicalism seen in the whole convention was made by Mr. Allen McCurdy in his key-note speech, and by the St. Louis platform as espoused and advocated by Mr. Pinchot and Mr. Record. The platform finally adopted may be just the thing to save the country, but it is not one iota nearer radicalism than the platforms of the two old-line parties. It could be put into execution to-morrow, and not one single essential of our present social system would feel the difference.

As one gets on towards the unpopular but exceedingly pleasant time of life that I am now adorning, one becomes more and more disinclined to "hear great argument." As with Omar, the taste for disputation weakens with the vanishing of spring-time, and one begins to think up little harmless devices to escape it. The best one I have discovered so far is to throw the disputant back upon his primary definitions. When some one tells me that this or that is an entering wedge for socialism, I say, "No doubt, but what is socialism?" Again, when I hear of the sinister and appalling tyranny of capitalism, I reply that I am not sure, but if I could be told what capitalism is, I should doubtless agree. One can profitably use this method with respect to a whole category of words and terms that are commonest in the mouth of the spell-binder and demagogue. Single tax, democratization of industry, economic determinism, land, capital, the class-struggle, liberalism, radicalism, and a dozen such—a little general practice with this method convinces one beyond peradventure of how largely these words, as mere words, do duty for ideas. Not long ago, a professor of economics in one of our largest universities faced me down that a farm is land; and a professor of history assured me, and stuck to it, that the single tax prevails in certain parts of Canada. Another economist told me, with no fear of the frowning shade of Quesnay before his eyes, that single tax was a term devised by Henry George, and meant that nothing should be taxed but land; and hence, the more land one owned, the more one was taxed. It reminded me of the school-boy's answer, twenty years ago, to a question about the general doctrine of evolution. He wrote, "It is now believed that Charles Darwin invented Man."

SIR JAMES BARRIE says in one of his plays that with a little education it is wonderful how far a Scotchman will go, especially when he gets among the English—and, I would add, among the Americans. A fresh proof of the soundness of this observation comes this week from Chicago, in the election of John Walker of Chicago and James Duncan of Seattle, as President and Vice-President of the new American Labour party. Both are Scotsmen by birth, and a visitor to the convention tells me that their inaugural speeches were made in the authentic accent of the Clyde, and with that canny practical sense of realities which usually prevents a Scotsman overstepping the mark or making a fool of himself. James Duncan's speech was perhaps the more significant of the two—the

more fearless and radical. He described himself as "not a socialist," although a firm believer in the "co-operative commonwealth." This might have seemed a contradiction to some of his hearers, but the clue was given in the story he told of the impatient passenger on a slow train. After wandering along the length of the train, the traveller ran up against a conductor, proceeding slowly in the opposite direction: "Say, conductor, can't you go any faster than this?" "Waal," replied the other, "I guess I kin, but I hev to stay on the train."

CYNICAL observers who profess to be puzzled at what form of compensation the frustrated impulse towards the drinking of strong liquor will take might profitably study the actions of the crowd at a baseball game. The "fans" follow the game with more intensity than of yore—in fact on a holiday afternoon, when the score is close, the proceedings at the Polo grounds have many of the emotional aspects of a lynching-party. If the umpire makes a glaring mistake or unfair decision not favouring the local team, he runs a good chance of having a soda-water bottle bounced off his head by some irate member of the assembled citizenry. I counted fifteen such shining missiles last Saturday when the umpire called Mr. Pipp out, when it was shockingly clear to at least 20,000 of the 38,000 present that he was safe. Three or four such decisions in a row, and an umpire courts violence.

SIMILAR in its impulse, like the old thumbs-down of the Roman amphitheatre, is the aggressive booing of the opposing pitcher when he shows signs of weakening. Let him throw three "balls" without a single strike, and an hysterically monotonous hand-clapping will begin throughout the grandstand. "Take him out," "Tie a can to him," "You tell 'em, ocean, he hasn't got the sand," and similar pleasantries are shrieked by the sportsmen. There is usually applause for some particularly well-executed play by the opposing team, but it is perfunctory compared with the screams of joy when a member of the local team scurries over the plate. Let the redoubtable Babe knock a home run, as seems to be his daily habit of late, and scores of brand-new straw hats come whirling down through the air to the field, flung by the excited business men who can find no other way to vent their emotions.

BASEBALL is more than any other sport the one fitted to be popular in America, for it is a game where at any moment, from first to last, something may happen; the situation is always tense—it is never like those last two despairing minutes before time in a football game when the other team has one touchdown to the good and the ball is on your own twenty yard line. "The game isn't over," as some sapient fan will be sure to say at least once a day, "until the last man is out." That is one reason Americans like it. But the other, and perhaps the deeper, is that the ball-park is the one place left in our civilization where a man is permitted "jocundly and with fulness of freedom," as Rabelais says, to make a fool of himself in public. It is almost as satisfying as a lynching-party, and on the whole, considerably safer.

JOURNEYMAN.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

THE BIRTH OF THE THIRD PARTY.

SIRS: Of all the accounts that have appeared in the press concerning the birth of the Third party Mr. Malone's version in last week's *Freeman* strikes one as the most lucid. That is no matter of surprise because Mr. Malone played an active rôle at the accouchement and, like a good doctor, showed a perspicacity and a practical grip of the situation which was sadly wanting among his fellow practitioners.

One detects however in his statement of the case a note of defence, especially in those passages where he refers to those whom he calls the "old guard" of the Committee of Forty-eight. "To be sure," he seems to be saying, "the baby has red hair—what of that! It is a strong baby and we are all pleased with it except a few old-fashioned doctrin-

aires." The same note is sounded, though more stridently, in the recent pronouncement of Mr. Christenson, wherein he makes reference to "a quartette of coupon-clipping intellectuals from New York."

Now, sirs, it appears to me that in their enthusiasm for the Farmer-Labour party both Mr. Malone and Mr. Christenson have done less than justice to the fine qualities of the so-called "old guard" and have much under-rated the merits, both actual and potential, of the policy for which they stood. That these gentlemen failed in getting that policy "over" at Chicago is indubitable, but, unless truth always marches with the majority, it may be that their programme went by the board not so much because it was mistaken as because it was misunderstood. At any rate the situation is one which merits a closer examination than was possible in the heated atmosphere of Chicago.

May I briefly analyze the policy first and then the causes which, in my view, made it ineffective.

The St. Louis platform of the Committee of Forty-eight, as I understand it, was based on two central ideas or principles which ran as follows:

1. The main plank of the Third-party platform must be the socialization of economic rent and the public ownership of transportation and all public utilities connected therewith. This plank is a constructive proposition which will appeal to, and affect the interests not of one class but of all sections of the community. It is, moreover, of so fundamental a character that if it becomes effective many other problems such as high prices, low wages and unemployment may possibly be solved as a result.

2. The platform must not be overloaded with an array of particular reforms and palliatives because if that is done, (a) the fundamental economic issue will be obscured, (b) disagreement with particular measures may lose the Third party a large proportion of its constituents, and (c) the one man who would make the best standard bearer of the new party may refuse to lead it.

Such appears, to me at any rate, to have been the policy of Messrs. Record and Pinchot. When compared with the policy of the leaders of the Farmer-Labour Party, the differences as regards platform, nominee and constituency are self-evident.

Why then did the first policy fail and the second triumph? The reasons, or at any rate some of them, were these.

In the first place, the Committee of Forty-eight were not a homogeneous group. The leaders—easterners all—were, as events soon proved, out of touch with the rank and file of their own convention, most of whom came from the West, with a fair sprinkling among them of men who were delegates also to the Labour party convention. Another rift in the lute may be traced back, I believe, to the first meeting of the Committee at St. Louis when the famous 141-word platform was drawn up. At Chicago the supporters of the third paragraph of the St. Louis platform (the civil liberties section, it may be called) broke clean away from the supporters of the first and second paragraphs (the economic sections). This regrettable split was dramatically revealed on the third day of the Chicago convention. While the economists of the "old guard" were busily engaged in endeavouring to adjust their policy to the policy of the leaders of the Labour party, the civil libertarians in the convention hall were raising cries of "Down with secret diplomacy," "Let the convention settle its own platform," and the like. The efforts of this group seemed to be crowned with success when the entire Forty-eight convention decamped and joined the forces of the Labour party before anything had been settled by the two groups of leaders either as to the name, platform or presidential nominee of the Third party. From the point of view of the economists this precipitate amalgamation was a mistake of tactics for it had the appearance of being a complete surrender of the whole Forty-eight platform to the Labour leaders.

Another formidable obstacle to the success of the "Economic" policy was the psychology of the Labour leaders. One has the impression that the economists among the Forty-eighters did not understand that psychology or, if they did understand it, did not attempt to meet it in the right way. The difficulty may perhaps be explained thus. Among the adherents of the Committee of Forty-eight was a not inconsiderable sprinkling of wealthy manufacturers with single-tax proclivities. Their support, which might have proved of great value to the party once it was launched, was of little or no value in its promotion because of the suspicion such support arouses in labour circles. Organized labour does not in America or anywhere else distinguish be-

tween the employer who is a maker of automobiles or watches and the employer who owns a coal-mine. Both, in the eyes of labour, are "plutes," and the economic differences between them negligible as compared with the question whether this one or that runs a "closed" or an "open" shop. No doubt also the more advanced thinkers in the Labour group at Chicago had their eyes fixed on the ideal of a much more radical reconstruction of society than that implied in the mere recognition of the right of Labour to "bargain collectively." When therefore the economists on the platform committee began to jib at including in the programme of the new party statements which asserted the right of Labour to share in the control and management of public-owned industries, the Labour members of the committee found as they thought, a full confirmation of their worst suspicions. "These people," they rashly said, "don't want the same reforms as we do—look at their plutocratic friends." To this the economists made the fatal and wholly unnecessary mistake of retorting (as an explanation, be it understood, of the failure to reach agreement): "The Labour party representatives think that the new party should be a class-conscious, radical party standing upon the principles of British guild-socialism expressed in trade-union language,"—a statement which would naturally lead anyone to conclude that the economists contemplated, as the result of their proposals, a state of society by no means akin to that described.

Surely a more fortunate line to have taken and one more consonant with the soundness of their economic programme, would have been for the Forty-eighters to say: "Our job is not concerned with the merits of socialism versus individualism or of capital versus labour. All we know is that we are now living under the dictatorship of bankers and financial trusts which have established a strangle-hold upon industry through the ownership of the very springs of all production and distribution. These private monopolies are demonstrably the main source of power to the interests which are now fighting labour on the question of the "open shop." We ask you, therefore, to join us in forming a new party whose main plank shall be the capture of those monopolies for the people of the United States."

It is easy no doubt to be wise after the event and to criticize the tactics of men who failed to bring off a great achievement. The main point, however, of this letter is to try to show that their failure was a failure of tactics rather than of strategy and that the cause for which the "old guard" was fighting was fundamentally a sound one. I am, etc.,
New York. ARTHUR L. DAKYNS.

TRY READING THE ADVERTISEMENTS.

SIRS: "Alcohol has been abolished; why not ink?" asks young Jeremy Collier in your issue of 28 July. For a very good reason, sir. Sufficient people to influence Congress and some thirty-six or more state legislatures held the opinion that alcohol has a kick, but there are few who believe that the ocean of ink that is daily absorbed by veritable forests of paper is capable of so much as a gentle tap on the wrist.

Isn't it appropriate that our literary and journalistic expressions should be printed on pulp? Except for the "comics" and the baseball scores, is there enough in any daily paper to justify the time we spend on them? The news? There's rarely anything that isn't forgotten day after to-morrow. The editorials? God help us, but let Him first give aid to those who write them. The "features?" They bear inward signs of the disgust and weariness of the slaves who evolve them. "Colyums?" Try to read them regularly for a week! Better a squab a day for thirty days.

Alcohol arouses some people and its effects are often dangerous, but ink stupefies and, taken twice daily it results in the return of "safe" Congresses which would no more think of enacting an inkless-Sunday law than they would of paying their own railway fare. Agréez, messieurs, etc.,
Cambridge, Mass. H. RANDOLPH WILLIAM.

IN DEFENCE OF POLITICAL ACTION.

SIRS: The second installment of your editorial "Thoughts on a Third Party," says the thing most important for insurgent groups to realize is that their best weapon is organized economic power, not political organization. Can people, however, who have only just reached the point of distrusting the group in control of parties and the government, be expected at once, without testing it, to admit the failure for their purposes of the party system and the political state? Is not the formation of a party the only logical next step they could take, and does it not promise to be expedient in two ways? First, while government is being successfully used to block industrial ac-

tion, the labour group, at least, are driven to get what grip they can on it, as a defensive measure, in order to carry on the industrial offensive. If they get a grip in the right place, it may be effective. The uselessness of labour representatives at a capital does not prove that labour mayors in industrial centres may not be very useful indeed.

The second result to be expected from the third-party experiment promises to be far the more valuable. By the laboratory method, the experimenters will learn what most of them would never absorb from a lecture by the *Freeman* or in any other way, that a vote in the shop is worth ten at the polls. Had the new party been dominated by the Committee of Forty-eight, and thus represented opinion, not power, the prospect for enlightenment would not have been so good. But with Labour dominant, the party is based on labour-unions, and can turn—at least, large groups of its membership can turn—from political to industrial action. Believing that labour's shortest cut to an understanding of its power is through political organization, I joined and remain

A MEMBER OF THE FARMER-LABOUR PARTY.

READING THE RIDDLE.

SIRS: It seems to me that you do something less than justice to the worthy Mr. Cox, of Dayton, in your scornful reference to his recent statement of his views regarding the Irish question. May I not ask you to examine more closely his remarkable words:

I have given deep thought to the Irish question. They are a warm-hearted, courageous, patriotic people. . . . I am thoroughly convinced that the Irish question will be solved satisfactorily. The controversy will be allayed, Ireland satisfied, England satisfied, as well as the rest of the world. The problem of Ireland is not a race question. It is purely one of geography.

Now I feel sure that in this paragraph there lies lurking a deeper meaning than appears on the surface. First of all I am not sure whether we have not here a free verse poem of rare quality. This idea will be made clear if I set out the words in the approved style, thus:

I
Have given deep thought
To the Irish question.
They are
A warm-hearted, courageous, patriotic
People.
I am
Thoroughly convinced that
The Irish question
Will be solved satisfactorily.
The controversy will be allayed,
Ireland satisfied,
England satisfied,
As well as the rest of the world.
The problem of Ireland
Is not a race question.
It is purely one of
Geography.

Of course, you will agree that if Governor Cox is speaking as a poet, there is nothing more to be said about the matter. We can put him in a class along with Lord Dunsany and Mr. Yeats and the rest, and count ourselves fortunate in the prospect of having a poet-president in the White House next year. But if this thesis be rejected, there remains another and even more startling interpretation. It has occurred to me that there is hidden in the Governor's statement a hint of a sensational solution of the sorrows of Erin. Here is the new leader of the Democratic party expressing his conviction that the Irish question will be solved satisfactorily and that it is purely one of geography. Obviously this means that Ireland must be removed from its present position in the Atlantic Ocean. To some this might seem a formidable, even impossible, undertaking but we must remember that these words express the thoughts of a mind of the quality of Governor Cox's. Did not Roosevelt, the Republican, cut the Isthmus of Panama? Then let Cox, the Democrat, pierce the hills which rim the coasts of Ireland and sink the whole land beneath the ocean. What else can those confident words of prophecy mean?: "The controversy will be allayed, England satisfied, as well as the rest of the world"? It is true that the Governor promises that Ireland will be satisfied too. This raises an awkward difficulty, but doubtless he is considering a plan to have the whole population moved away in American ships to build a new Ireland in some other part of the world—in those new possessions of ours, the Virgin Isles, perhaps. Here, I believe, is to be found the solution of Mr. Cox's cryptic utterance. I hope he is elected next November so that we may see him put his remarkable plan to the test. Meantime, until you can think of a better explanation I think you should refrain from belittling this great man. I am, etc.,
W. W.

BOOKS.

AN INTELLECTUAL ARISTOCRAT.

THESE "Further Letters of John Butler Yeats"¹ which have been published by his daughter in a limited edition at the Cuala Press should be read in conjunction with the earlier volume selected by Mr. Ezra Pound a couple of years ago. The two volumes contain between them the quintessence of a philosophy of life which demands reiteration in a time like the present. Mr. Yeats is a keen critic of the disabilities of contemporary democracy. He strikes at once to the very root of the fallacy that ease and comfort and happiness are the highest good. With Nietzsche he suspects this slave morality, and looking around at the America of his voluntary and happy exile he writes: "Everyone here believes in what is called happiness. Happiness for themselves and others is the American gospel." The result, as he sees it, is that "of course there will be no great poets, only poets of mental comfort like Longfellow." Here Mr. Yeats betrays an essentially European indifference to contemporary American literature. Yet, if he had frankly faced the literature of to-day he would have found, if not so apt a name to score his point as that of Longfellow, at least a wider field of observation from which to judge his theory of the influence of happiness on literature. He might have referred to the fear of ugly realities, the puerile philosophizings of popular soothsayers, and that strange indigenous product, the "glad" book. "Pleasure," says Mr. Yeats, "is a coward who runs away from pain; joy is twin-brother of pain. To sever the connexion is to kill joy."

Defying the terrors of Messrs. Palmer and Burleson, Mr. Yeats writes: "Good society is achieved anarchy; it does not need rules, obedience, content in virtue." This heresy was safely transmitted to the little village where the hand-press of Cuala has produced this beautiful limited edition, so it is not likely that it can now bring the author to the unfavourable notice of the Bolshiphobes. Yet, the sentiment is just as obnoxious to the Marxian autocrats as to their bureaucratic adversaries. Lenin would not approve of Mr. Yeats's theory that idleness is an indispensable virtue. Mr. Yeats defines culture as "the learning how to be idle," and declares war upon the destroyers of leisure. "After this war a struggle will come between the haves and the have-nots; and though I know the people are always right, because always for justice, yet I will be against them because they would persecute and hunt like wolves and mad dogs the people who like to be idle."

That is a definite challenge to the conception of life which is becoming more and more firmly established in the doctrines of our latter-day prophets of the millennium. It is a reaction against American conditions which come to all who have noticed here the consequences of the absence of a class accustomed to leisure. Extremes have met in the identical view of plutocratic America and Soviet Russia that idleness is a vice of which to be ashamed. The disintegration of leisured society has accompanied the simultaneous rise of political democracy and the fall of the arts to the level of the Philistines of the pseudo-culture. Mr. Yeats, I fancy, would prefer the limited dependence of the age of patronage in the arts to the modern slavery of subjection to the exigencies of the many. It is a fascinating theme, and an endless subject of debate, for does it not involve a definition of that grim illusion, progress? In these charming letters the case for an intellectual aristocracy is well stated, and will attract even the most impenitent devotee of that progress which is measured by the circulation of the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Mr. John Butler Yeats is a born conversationalist in exile, who has thus discovered himself a letter-writer. The art of talking has earned for Dublin a reputation almost legendary in the accounts of the numerous scribes

who have investigated that section of Irish society whose virtues have earned a reputation generously extended to the people as a whole.

When Mr. Yeats was painting portraits in Dublin and pouring out a stream of enchanting talk for the entertainment of his sitters and visitors, Mr. George Moore had not yet begun his Boswellian task, and thus prepared the way for minor chroniclers. The tradition remains to excite the admiration or the contempt of curious strangers, though some of the talkers have gone. If Mr. Yeats had not gone to New York we might never have known how well he could transfer to paper what might have seemed to depend upon direct contact with an audience.

These letters were not written for publication, yet they repay publication to degree surpassed by no other contemporary correspondence. They are full of grace, whimsicality and shrewd judgments. They fully justify Ezra Pound's description when introducing the first volume. "The thoughts drift up as easily as a cloud in the heavens, and as clear-cut as clouds on bright days." It is a pity that an American edition in a single volume has not been made of these two volumes.

ERNEST A. BOYD.

A NEGRO DIPLOMAT.

NEGRO literature abounds in autobiography. From the story of Frederick Douglass, escaped slave, through Booker T. Washington's "Up from Slavery," to Holclaw's "The Black Man's Burden" and Edwards's "Twenty-five Years in the Black Belt," we reach this last contribution, by Robert Russa Moton. "Finding a Way Out"² proves to be the least dramatic of the list. Mr. Moton has always stood for the conservative school of Negro thinkers, and after a reading of his antecedents and his childhood it is easy to understand how he naturally tended to this position. His father was a trusted servant in an aristocratic Virginia family, and during the Civil War served as valet to his mistress's brother, Colonel Womack. Mr. Moton tells how at one time his father found himself within the Yankee lines and was told that he might stay there and have his freedom; he refused because he had promised that he would stand by his master and see that no harm came to him. After the war Moton's father hired himself out to another "first family" and his son waited on table and was trusted with many family responsibilities. Moton grew up with a little teaching from his mother and at the Negro school of his district. At eighteen he entered Hampton where he found his career.

Hampton Institute was at that time under General Armstrong, a remarkable personality, who offered Moton on his graduation a position that later made him commandant of the boys. It was then that he received the title of major, which is now generally associated with his name. He soon grew to love this beautiful spot in Virginia, and to enjoy his quiet life there enlivened by trips to the North to help in securing money for the school. Hampton cultivates a spirit of untiring optimism, a determination never to acknowledge the gloomy side of things, and this is reflected in "Finding a Way Out," a book that reads a little like a Christian Science publication from which all "error" has been removed. From its pages one would never suspect that Negroes in the United States had ever been jim-crowed, or denied the ballot, or burned at the stake. All, all is universal harmony.

As a youth Moton spent a summer working in New York in one of the big stores where he came in contact for the first time with labour unrest. Commenting upon it he says: "I found it hard to understand how these men (the employees) could be working for a firm that gave what seemed to me so much consideration to its employees and yet be so bitter against every man in authority." Acceptance of authority is, indeed, the keynote of

¹ "Further Letters of John Butler Yeats." Dundrum, Ireland: The Cuala Press.

² "Finding a Way Out." Robert Russa Moton. New York: Doubleday, Page and Co.

this book. At no time is the writer so moved from his habitual calm as when he recounts the refusal of an Indian student to shake hands with General Miles, who had killed his father. The General understood the lad, but Moton was incensed that the Indian could not see that it was not only duty but common sense for him to accept the hand of greatness.

In 1915, after the death of Booker T. Washington, Major Moton was called to take the principalship of Tuskegee Institute, a position which he now occupies. He now possesses considerable influence among white people throughout the country, and is well equipped to carry on the great burden of securing financial support for this immense industrial school. The book closes with a review of some of the forward movements among Negroes in the South, the University Race Commission, the Southern Publicity Committee, the Rosenwald Schools, and other worthy efforts of the philanthropists.

It is a pity that this autobiography has no illustrations. We ought to have had a photograph of Robert Moton, when he entered Hampton, a big, heavy-looking boy; and then another of the man to-day, showing the fine carriage of the head, the clear eyes, the firm mouth with its whimsical smile. This conservative leader is a diplomat who knows how to gain a point by never bringing the issue before the public. Indeed, "never raise an issue if you can help it," might be the watchword of this unassuming, industrious, useful life. Thoughts of "direct action," which are stirring the youth of his race to-day, will find no encouragement in Mr. Moton's pages. The book will, however, gladden the heart of those Americans who want to rest comfortably in the assurance that "all's right with the world."

MARY WHITE OVINGTON.

HOUSES AND LAND.

THE joke about housing is that we have built our houses from the roof down. We have been so anxious to put the shingles over our heads that we have not taken the trouble to examine what is happening all the while to the land under our feet. When a syndicate of manufacturers the other day obtained possession of a parcel of ground in the heart of Manhattan for the purpose of concentrating their industry, scarcely a word of protest was voiced, in spite of the fact that this venture was a classic instance of the way in which an increase of site values is produced without regard to the ultimate effects of this automatic appreciation upon the costs of production, the price of neighbouring land, and the congestion of the attendant population. We are persistently blind to the uses to which land is put and we are therefore negligent of the general interests of the community. Mr. Whitaker's book "The Joke About Housing"¹ is a timely eye-opener. Although the author is the editor of the *Journal of the American Institute of Architects* he does not treat the housing question as a house question: he sees it primarily as the problem of ensuring the social use of land. "The battle," says Mr. Whitaker, "is between the Producer and the Non-Producer." . . . The enemy is non-production, "in no matter what form it may be—and of all the forces under which non-production exploits its trade, none drains away the life-blood of the community so swiftly and so surely as the power of charging humanity more and more each year for the right to use the surface of the earth."

Mr. Whitaker has done a service in reprinting the two prize-winning theses to his *Journal's* Housing Competition; for they illuminate his own argument and show that architects and city planners are no longer prepared to side-step the direct economic issue involved in the exploitation of land. Mr. Whitaker demonstrates clearly enough that a sound housing policy must rise from the ground up. This is not to say that he believes the social use of land to be the only element in a well-devised scheme of reconstruction, but he holds that it is politically

and economically basic. To those who seek a more comprehensive programme for the situation, "to those who are persuaded that emancipation must come through a spiritual process, quite dissociated from any question of economics, or to those who believe that man must move forward economically in order to gain spiritual freedom," he offers the "What to Do" programme of the Cities Committee of the Sociological Society (London), which furnishes a common platform.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

SHORTER NOTICES.

THE one story that must be taken seriously in Aldous Huxley's collection "Limbo"² is the foremost and longest, "The Farcical History of Richard Greenow." It is strangely, forcedly modern. Krafft-Ebing, Freud and Kræpelin were the muses watching at its cradle, I think, but the Musagetes of the occasion may have been old Rabelais himself. "It is written," says an elderly critic of my acquaintance, "as no one would have dared to write in my youth." He speaks the truth, but he does not tell the whole tale. "Richard Greenow" is written with the slightly wistful cynicism of a generation that has had to play bedfellow with death for more than a passing moment. A laughter that is now bitter and now flippant, but always mocking, runs through its pages regardless of the rising insistency of their tragical element. Its final effect is, after all, purging, and I, for one, am inclined to see in it the sign of a greater sanity, and a promise of a mental and emotional balance in the face of problems that used to stun mankind into speechless terror. Always the reader should bear in mind that the tragedy of "Richard Greenow" is as poignant as its humour is pungent, and that below the surface mockery lies a seriousness indicative of that most tragical of all causes of tragedy—social ignorance. B.J.

WHEN a book dealing with one of the most abstruse phases of modern biological theory runs into five editions within a brief span of years and is honoured with translations into German, Swedish, Russian and Japanese, its merits as a piece of exposition hardly require proof. Mr. Punnett's little volume, "Mendelism,"² while not presenting an individual revaluation of the facts of heredity, sums up with great lucidity the salient data and the significant interpretations due to Mendel and the neo-Mendelians. Mr. Punnett's point of view is that of the British school, but he devotes a whole chapter to the American "chromosome theory," which he attempts to harmonize with the older interpretation. Perhaps the only serious fault to be found with his treatment results from its dual purpose. The author seems to have essayed to address simultaneously the general public and the student beginning professional work in zoölogy, and in the interests of the latter he has included rather more concrete detail than will prove palatable to other readers. However, this qualifies rather than destroys the utility of this volume, which certainly provides the readiest means accessible to the English-speaking world for becoming acquainted with the most modern aspects of biological philosophy. R. H. L.

A REVIEWER'S NOTE-BOOK.

I GATHER from certain signs of the times that the young brokers of our day are beginning to take their mission very seriously. They look upon themselves as the trustees of progress; they feel that they are called to carry a sort of White Brokers' Burden, an ordained responsibility for the rest of us, who are so shiftless with our money—and have such a crude conception of the New Efficiency. But sometimes I feel that in their pursuit of the Uplift, these disciples of Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., lose touch with the true essence of their profession. I always believe in going back to sources; I am convinced more and more of the validity of the doctrine of the apostolic succession. After all, there is no stimulus like that which springs from a sense of rapport with the great captains of one's vocation. What would become of writers if they did not occasionally think of Tolstoy and Goethe and Dante? Have these young brokers forgotten Jim Fisk and Jay Gould and Uncle Daniel Drew? I have just read "The Book of Daniel Drew" (Doubleday, Page and Co.), which was published ten years ago, and I am filled with

¹"The Joke About Housing." Charles Harris Whitaker. Boston: Marshall, Jones Co.

²"Limbo." Aldous Huxley. New York: George H. Doran Co.

²"Mendelism." Reginald Crundall Punnett. London: Macmillan.

its message. Uncle Daniel, as he likes to call himself, was still, after a life of battles and panics and alarms, at eighty-two, when he wrote his story, "smart and handy," as he says, and able to "take a slice out of the boys." A venerable figure! As a curious taster of books and a passer-on of other men's gospels, I feel that it would be truly sad if young Mr. Rockefeller's disciples were to lose sight of this great classic of the American business life.

I MUST admit that Mr. Drew's message is rather strong meat. There was nothing squeamish about Uncle Daniel. But he had, what always pleases me, a thoroughly realistic view of life. I understand these realists; they lay all their cards on the table, they don't throw dust in one's eyes, one can always talk with them as man to man. And so, although I have a preference for other types, there is something I like about this bold buccaneer. But this is a digression; it is Uncle Daniel's realism I want to tell you about. This realism is like Benvenuto Cellini's; it is the salt of his book.

UNCLE DANIEL assures us that he was not in Wall Street for his health: he never imagined, as young Mr. Rockefeller's disciples are inclined to do, that Wall Street exists to save souls.

Men of thin skins [he says], with a conscience all the time full of prickles, are out of place in business dickerings. A prickly conscience would be like a white silk apron for a blacksmith. Sometimes you've got to get your hands dirty, but that doesn't mean that the money you make is also dirty. Black hens can lay white eggs. . . . It isn't how you get your money but what you do with it that counts.

This was the principle that guided Uncle Daniel during all his years at what he calls the "milking-stool." His career began when, as a young drover from Putnam County, he convoyed a herd of cattle to New York. On the way he filled them first with salt and then with water—"a quart of salt to every pair of cattle" is his recipe; and when he reached the city he palmed them off, swollen as they were, on Hen Astor ("Heinrich," as he preferred to be called in those days) who sold meat in the Bowery. He couldn't, of course, sell Henry a second time, but there were plenty of other butchers in New York, and every one of them, sold himself, was willing to help Uncle Daniel sell a competitor.

The saying, "selling watered stock" [he says] has now got to be well-known in the financial world. So I've wrote down in this paper about the affair of salting my critters. Some time later I became an operator in the New York Stock Exchange; I hung out my shingle on Broad Street. And the scheme was even more profitable with railroad-stocks. If a fellow can make money selling a critter just after she has drunk up fifty pounds of water, what can't he make by issuing a lot of new shares of a railroad or steamboat company, and then selling this just as though it was the original shares?

No wonder Uncle Daniel considered himself as the founder of a school!

I SHALL not follow Mr. Drew through the epic incidents of a career governed by this discovery of his. Theodore Dreiser has admirably depicted more than one such life. It boils down, as it were, into the few lines of comment which Uncle Daniel devotes to his great war with Commodore Vanderbilt over one of those "railroad contraptions," the Erie:

The trouble with Vanderbilt was, he had an idea that the law is the highest power in the land. He now saw his mistake. He never stopped to think that law is no such wonderful thing after all. Law is like a cobweb; it's made for flies and the smaller kind of insects, so to speak, but lets the big bumblebees break through.

As one might imagine from this, Uncle Daniel had no respect for anyone's skin but his own. He trod, if one may use the phrase, a lonely path. For instance, he turned "state's evidence," as he calls it, against his partners ("a fat calf," he observes philosophically, "makes the sweetest veal"). And he helped himself, in his own way, to the dollars of the professors in the Drew Theo-

logical Seminary, which he had himself founded. "These brethren," he observes, "were not very plentifully stored with this world's goods," but when he found that, from their association with him, they were "getting the Wall Street fever" and were "willing to take a flier or two," he could not find it in his heart to discourage them. "Get your nose in the manger there, Brother So-and-So," he said; "let me see how much oats you can get outside of." And Uncle Daniel raked in the shekels. But in general, it must be said, he preferred to "saddle on the outside people"—they are "so numerous they can't get together and hit back." Uncle Daniel liked to hear himself called the "Merry Old Gentleman":

I believe [he says] in being merry when you can. A good chuckle, when you've got a fellow in a tight box and you watch him squirm, this way and that, does more good than a dose of medicine.

Do you wonder that he was amused when Commodore Vanderbilt said to him, "Drew, you're as crooked as a worm fence"?

UNCLE DANIEL's patriotism was equally realistic:

I saw even as a boy [he says] that this thing they call patriotism is a mighty slow way in which to roll up a fortune. I have noticed since, that the fellows who are all the time hurrahing for their country don't get fat bank accounts. For instance, there was all that talk about the Missouri Compromise. When I was getting started in Wall Street there were people who talked of nothing else but Missouri—discussing sometimes way into the night. And they are for the most part poor men to-day. Whilst all of that time I was giving myself to business, and piling up money.

Naturally he disapproved of the "lordly" Commodore, who at times "seemed to think the country's interests and his own were one and the same—a position which leads a fellow into all kinds of extravagance." His own attitude was that of his friend Jim Fisk who, at the outbreak of the Civil War, was clever enough to persuade Uncle Sam that a lot of old blankets he had on his hands were "just the thing for the soldier boys." In fact, Uncle Daniel was "converted" to the war. As he says:

I wasn't sure for a spell whether I wanted to see York State go into it or not. Because, if the nation went to smash, and our State was mixed up in it, we would be in the smash-up, too. Whilst, if we stayed out of the muss, and the smash-up came, we could save our bacon.

Uncle Daniel hesitated, but not for long. "It was to the advantage of us money kings," he soon realized, "to have a big country to operate in"; besides, "a fellow would have been very unpopular" (after Lincoln's speech in Cooper Union) "if he had stood out against the war." And so he squared himself:

I must say that I soon began to wonder how I had been of two minds as to the advantage or disadvantage of a war. For I saw very quickly that the War of the Rebellion was going to be a money-maker for me. Along with ordinary happenings, we fellows in Wall Street now had in addition the fortunes of war to speculate about and that always makes great doings on the Stock Exchange. It's good fishing in troubled waters. As I look back now, I see that I never made more money, or had four years that were all in all more genuinely prosperous, than those four years of the war.

How did he do it? "We had on our pay-roll sutlers, reporters, private soldiers and officers even up to generals. Also, there were politicians in Washington, even a Congressman or two whom we used to pay"—for news of the doings at the front. ("Abe himself . . . was an impractical man, as far as making money went. All he thought about was to save the Union"). No wonder Uncle Daniel "got to taking a great interest in the Boys in Blue" and "came to look upon them as heroes":

I felt [he says] that the Boys in Blue, sometimes tramping all night through fever swamps and across mountains, or lying in the camp hospitals sick and wounded and dying, earned all the monthly pay they got. Because they were beating the waters, so to speak, and we in Wall Street were getting the fish.

No wonder that when Richmond was finally taken, Uncle Daniel was "sorry to have the war come to an

end," so great had been his "change of view towards the whole affair."

As regards the home, Uncle Daniel's attitude is exceedingly edifying. Though he and Jim Fisk (lively Jim, "as lively as a louse") were as thick as thieves in business they were at odds in this question. Jim's motto was that "the world can never have too many girls of the kind that are toyful and cuddlesome." Uncle Daniel had known "how to spark the girls" himself in his young days, but the years had taught him the discretion of piety: "a man of prominence," as he puts it, "is called upon to be godly in his walk and conversation," and he tells us that he never indulged in worldly amusements or so much as touched cards, "those devil's playthings." I have quoted his analogy of the blacksmith:

Take that blacksmith [he goes on]. During the day he gets all grimed up. Then at night he washes, and now is as clean as anything. And his money is clean, too. What better kind of man is there than a blacksmith?

Uncle Daniel kept the two spheres, for the good of each, strictly separate.

Sentiment [he says] is all right up in the part of the city where your home is. But downtown, no. Down there the dog that snaps the quickest gets the bone. Friendship is very nice for a Sunday afternoon when you're sitting around the dinner-table with your relations, talking about the sermon that morning. But nine o'clock Monday morning, notions should be brushed away like cobwebs from a machine. I never took any stock in a man who mixed up business with anything else. He can go into other things outside of business hours. But when he's in his office, he ought not to have a relation in the world—and least of all a poor relation.

Of the peril of mixing business with alien elements he had had, as one might guess, practical experience. He was once, he confesses, overborne by a preacher who urged that business men ought to "take God into partnership" with them. Uncle Daniel tried it and had his lesson. The very night of the sermon he got down on his marrow-bones ("it's knee-work that brings the blessing, every time," he says) and agreed to take God into partnership with him in a certain "business dicker" he was about to go into, vowing, if God prospered him, that he would pay over in full—"and without going back on it this time"—all the gifts he had thus far made "in the form of agreements to pay." And God just about ruined him!

If Uncle Daniel was convinced that it is an error to suppose religion has anything "to do with the things of this world," he was none the less religious.

Everyone knows [he says] that business is one thing, and a man's church and home life another thing. . . . Business slobbers a fellow up. Nobody looks for manners around the meal tub. [But] unless a business man is also a converted man, with the witness of the spirit within him, he is like a hog under an apple-tree, so busy crunching the fruit that he doesn't have time to look up where the fruit comes from.

Uncle Daniel always looked up: he makes that very plain. He tells us that he "never felt right" when he missed a prayer-meeting. And he certainly had no use for infidels:

Over in Greenwich Village [he says] across Bloomingdale Road from the "Bull's Head," was the house where a man by the name of Tom Paine had lived. He had written a bad book called "The Age of Reason." To reach his village from my side of the island, I had to go through the potter's field, where public hangings used to be held. . . . I don't see how anyone, if he had any spark of grace about him, could go by that gallows and across that potter's field to the road where Paine's house was, without feeling a horror for bad men and infidels.

Uncle Daniel had taken to the Methodist Church as to a natural element. For one thing he found the church was not at all "skittish." "She takes," he remarks, "a practical view of things every time." And then there was the doctrine of "justification by faith alone"; wasn't that worth a Hallelujah? Uncle Daniel thought so:

We used to have glorious times in that old Mulberry Street church. . . . I'm not a shouter myself. But in a love feast I can get good and happy along with the rest. And I

like it. If the saints on earth haven't any right to be happy, I should like to know who have. The soul that knows its sins forgiven by the atoning Blood applied, and has had vouchsafed unto it the sprinkled conscience and the inward witness, let that man raise his Ebenezer, say I, and shout his joys abroad.

He was, in fact, often called upon to lead the meeting when the regular leader was away and he tells how, on one occasion, he won over an erring soul "to trust justifying grace and the smitten rock, as a fountain of entire sanctification." There is a calm, a sure retreat, 'tis found beneath the mercy seat! That was another of Uncle Daniel's discoveries.

THERE was method in this madness of Uncle Daniel's. Never for a moment does he deceive himself or us. As was suitable in a practical man, he had God and his neighbours in his eye at once. Had he not discovered early in life that it is "a help in business to be among the church people"?

It wasn't fit [he says], now that I had become one of the money-kings, that I should worship in a dingy building down on Mulberry Street.

So he helped the brethren to build a marble meeting-house up-town. Of his motives in this, as in his gift of the Drew Theological Seminary, he tells us with the utmost frankness:

You can stick up a grave-stone with your name carved on it. But that's a dead thing. But put the money into some institution—that will go on living year after year; you have hitched yourself now to something that's alive. . . . My gifts to religion and such-like are not altogether gifts. They are a sort of investment. . . . God keeps a full set of books. He always balances His accounts. I trust His bookkeeping. . . . He isn't fooled. To give a percentage to the Lord is just as good business policy as to pay the taxes on your house and lot. In either case, if you don't pay up good and prompt you'll sweat for it.

Uncle Daniel quotes a friend of his, a preacher, who spoke of him as "sensible to his obligations to our denomination for building up in him the traits that had led to his prosperity." Is it surprising that when he went into bankruptcy and "let everything go" (a slightly euphemistic expression, as he implies), he saved, along with a watch and a modest allowance of wearing apparel, one hundred and thirty dollars' worth of Bibles and hymn books?

Yes, Uncle Daniel was an Old Master. The novices of his profession in this degenerate day would do well to study his precepts and example. "It's the still hog," he says, "that eats the most": why don't they stop preaching, these disciples of young Mr. Rockefeller, and get down to business? But the fact is that Uncle Daniel was a different kind of animal from most of them. He attributes his failure in the evil days when the Street plucked him feather by feather, to the growing prosperity of the country—general prosperity was of evil omen to him. But I'm not sure it wasn't due rather to that same realistic outlook which makes his book so good. His transparent candour (with himself and with his readers) reminds one of Casanova's; his zest of life, his frugal pursuit of his aim suggest a type that could hardly have had a durable success in a sentimental age. "I suppose," he says somewhere, "I could have turned my hand to verse-making if I had set my mind to it." You see what I'm driving at, that Uncle Daniel was a good deal of an artist. . . . But here I really must draw the curtain.

THE Reviewer recommends the following recent books to the notice of readers of the *Freeman*:

"Poems," by Francis Brett Young. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co.

"The Loom of Youth," by Alec Waugh. New York: George H. Doran Co.

"Kosovo: Heroic Songs of Serbia," translated by Helen Rootham. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

From the FREEMAN's mail-pouch

YOUR conclusion, secretly arrived at, that I would wish to continue my subscription runs along with my mind absolutely. I am only sorry that it has taken three letters from you to check up on your perfectly good conclusion.

New York City.

HERE's your check! We can't afford it—but neither can we afford to let a fearless voice be silenced. Besides, we enjoy the fun—and like your economic fundamentals. Success.

St. Louis, Mo.

INSPIRATION prevailed over thrift and prompted this check. I had previously made up my mind that my budget could not stand a \$6.00 assault. But reading some of your short editorials last evening while my wife washed the dishes I was swept by a prairie fire of almost evangelical ardour and wrote this check in the spirit of creative composition. I wish it were for \$6,000,000. I am not only one with the letter of your teaching but with the audacious and consuming spirit that breathes between the lines.

Los Angeles, Calif.

I MUST take this occasion to tell you how much I appreciate the *Freeman*. While not a subscriber, H. C. L. preventing many outlays en masse at this time, I look forward to the Fridays of its appearance with great anticipation, and am never disappointed in its fine quality. It is easily far and away the best of the "liberal" periodicals, in my estimation, and I am glad to say that many of my Socialist friends take the same view. I hope it may have the great success it so richly merits.

New York City.

You have already won first place in my magazine affections.

Long Beach, Calif.

I ENJOY the *Freeman*. I disagree with perhaps forty or fifty per cent of your opinions, but I have always been able to form my own opinions. The point is that I enjoy reading your paper and look forward to its arrival. You may even succeed in changing some of my views.

Brookline, Mass.

If every university student in America could read this magazine understandingly, for one year—we would soon see our beloved country functioning intelligently in economic, financial, industrial and sociological affairs; and as political imperialism is the offspring, the creature of economic imperialism, our present antiquated and clumsy regime would automatically expire. The *Freeman* is really a test of the intelligence and honesty of the American people—if they do not support it I shall despair of their ability to think, nay, more, I shall lose hope in the possibility of the republican form of government, and shall turn towards an honest king, fit ruler for intellectual slaves.

Chicago, Ill.

THE *Freeman* has delighted me—its arrangement, its editorial views and its literary parts in particular.

Fremont, O.

I DIDN'T need a reminder from you to extend my subscription. The *Freeman* is on my list of periodicals, not because it fills a long-felt want, or is radical rather than liberal, or because of any or all of the stock bromidian reasons. I want it because every issue is a surprise. I find in each number something that startles me, that makes me sit up abruptly and either grunt in disapproval or chortle with joy. Such a journal I can't afford to miss. So keep on sending it for 42 weeks.

New York City.

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